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A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER

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Contents for December, 1916

PICTURES

Page

COVER. Design by Lucille Rogers. Photograph of the Painting of The Three Kings. By Quentin Metsys, Metropolitan Museum, New York.
CARTOON. The Election. By Lorenzo Harris 59
ANTHONY CRAWFORD 67
THE "BIG HOUSE" OF THE BALDWIN PLANTATION 72
MEN OF THE MONTH 76
SHADOWS OF LIGHT 77-80
CARTOON. Christmas in Georgia, A. D., 1916. By Lorenzo Harris 78

ARTICLES

"BITS." A Christmas Story. By Helen G. Ricks 64
CHRIST-MOTHER. A Poem 66
THE FIRST STONE. A Story. By Joseph Lyndel Bowler 68
THE FORETREKKERS. A Poem. By Alice Werner 71
FIFTY YEARS IN LOUISIANA. By John Paul Baldwin 71

DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL 59
THE OUTER POCKET 73
MEN OF THE MONTH 75
THE LOOKING GLASS 81
THE HORIZON 88

THE CRISIS for January

The *January* number of THE CRISIS will be *Richmond* number, with articles and pictures pertaining to that most interesting colored city.

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State of New York }
County of New York } ss.:
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. G. Dill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE CRISIS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations:
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EDWARD J. BREDEN, Notary Public.
(My commission expires 30th March, 1918.)
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THE CRISIS

Vol. 13—No. 2 DECEMBER, 1916 Whole No. 74

Editorial

THE ELECTION.

YE shall not see My face, except your brother be with you.—Genesis 43:3.

THE WORLD LAST MONTH

THIS has been a distracting and unsatisfactory campaign, both to black and to white people. Few men could vote according to their consciences, because neither candidate represented their consciences. Mr. Wilson was satisfactory as a reducer of the tariff, a promoter of currency reform, and as a man of Peace. But he was still the representative of the southern Negro-hating oligarchy, and acknowledged its leadership. Mr. Hughes was the author of several of the best decisions in favor of the Negro that the reluctant Supreme Court has ever handed down. At the same time, on specific Negro problems he was curiously dumb.——White Christians again at St. Louis, Mo., attacked the Negro problem, and, as usual, surrendered. The Episcopali-

ans started to put the Negroes out of the church by giving them their own bishops—a logical and necessary step if the Church was not prepared for full interracial brotherhood. And it is not. The Church ended by doing practically nothing. If a southern bishop wants a Negro suffragan bishop he can have him. But he does not want him and he is not likely to.——In Haiti and Ireland, veiled tyranny and cruelty still persist. They have killed six American soldiers in San Domingo; but the number of black men who have been killed, and the black women who have been tortured, is not counted in the dispatches. Ireland is again on the verge of rebellion.——The Great War finds Germany trying to crush Roumania in the East, and still, with difficulty, holding with England and France in the West; while in Allied Japan a new war premier comes to power, Terauchi. This means an unbending attitude toward China and America.——Strikes go on. They were won when American whites threatened the nation; they were lost when "dirty foreigners" rebelled at Bayonne. Meantime, Samuel Gompers is sizing up the new Negro immigrants to the North, and deciding how far the unions can go in keeping them out. ——Cotton is high, and the southern Negro farmer is prosperous; but the northern Negro laborer is paying war prices and rents in order to make war millionaires.——With all this, it was fitting for Yale University to tell her history, in great pageantry.

TAGORE

THE world in these days is beginning to listen to a great, new voice representing the colored races and speaking with the peculiar authority of a Nobel prize man. Rabindranath Tagore, the East Indian poet, and knight of the British Empire, has recently addressed the students of Tokio University, Japan. His attitude toward Europe is generous, but firm. He says: "In Europe we have seen noble hearts who have ever stood up for the rights of man, irrespective of color and creed; who have braved calumny and insult from their own people in fighting for humanity's cause and raising their voices against the mad orgies of militarism, against the rage for brutal retaliation or rapacity that sometimes takes possession of a whole people; who are always ready to make reparation for wrongs done in the past by their own nations, and vainly attempt to stem the tide of cowardly injustice that flows unchecked because the resistance is weak and innocuous on the part of the injured.

"But, where Europe is too consciously busy in building up her power, defying her deeper nature and mocking it, she is heaping up her iniquities to the sky, crying for God's vengeance, and spreading the infection of ugliness, physical and moral, over the face of the earth with her heartless commerce heedlessly outraging man's sense of the beautiful and the good."

This is his answer when asked what shall suffice for the healing of the nations: "The great problem of man's history has been the race problem. Western civilization, particularly as exemplified in Germany, has been based upon exclusiveness. It has been watchful to keep so-called 'alien' elements at arm's length; to minimize them; to exterminate them. This attitude must change, if peace is to come and endure upon the earth. We want 'a social unity within which all the different peoples could be held together, yet fully enjoying the freedom of maintaining their own differences.' Unity in difference—as the river, now hurrying along between steep banks, now loitering over the shallow meadow-reaches; now flecked with foam in its swift flow, now dappled with sunbeams in its smooth and

level course; now lashed to fury by the howling winds, now dimpled by the gentle summer airs—still remains the river, the one—so the stream of humanity, whether expressing itself in a higher or a lower type, in white, or yellow, or black, or red, or brown man; whether rushing torrent-like through the great ways of modern commerce and industry, or sleeping in the backwaters of thought and reflection, is one."

MUDDLE

NOTHING can better illustrate our meaning when we spoke last month of the need of political education among colored people, than the attitude of a few Negroes toward the political mission of the N. A. A. C. P. It goes without saying that this association is, and has been from the beginning, a political organization, in the best and broadest sense of that term. It takes part in politics, and sees and knows no disgrace therefrom. It maintains that in any republic, except a dead one, there is no greater mission for citizens and organizations of citizens than wise, honest, determined political activity.

It is manifestly the business of the N. A. A. C. P. to teach the Negroes of the United States these elementary truths in politics: (1) It is the first duty of candidates for public office to tell their constituents what they stand for. (2) It is the first duty of any person, black or white, to know the attitude of candidates on matters affecting his interests before he votes for or against them. (3) Whenever any man is voting for a candidate whose beliefs and intentions he does not know, that voter not only acts the part of a fool, but he endangers the very foundations of republican government. This Association proposes, in every way possible, to make candidates for public office declare before election their attitude toward the Negro and his needs.

THE JOURNAL OF NEGRO HISTORY

DR. CARTER G. WOODSON and his associates have a right to feel proud of the completion, with the current October number, of the first volume of *The Journal of Negro History*. It forms a volume of over 500 pages, containing 16 leading articles varying from 7 to 26 pages. These articles cover a wide range of subjects: 6 pertain to the history of free Negroes; 4 are on African and West Indian Negro history; 2 are biographical; 14 are on miscellaneous subjects in politics and war; 178 pages are given to documents, and 23 pages to book reviews. The *Journal* already circulates throughout the Americas, and in Europe, Asia and Africa. It has been placed in the leading colleges and libraries, and yet, it has *only 1000 subscribers*. Surely, if the Negroes of the United States take themselves seriously they will multiply this subscription list by at least ten in the next twelvemonth.

THE LYNCHING FUND

A CORRESPONDENT from Greenfield, Mass., no doubt voices the thought of many of our friends when he asks in regard to lynching: "Do you really think it possible to put a stop to such lawless actions throughout the South?" and "In what way do you think it can be done?"

There are, indeed, many persons who would be willing to help us raise not $10,000, but $100,000, if they saw clearly a method of stopping lynchings. We may answer frankly that there is no royal road to social reform. The methods which we have in mind for the elimination of this savagery in the South are neither new, spectacular, nor sudden. They are the old and well-worn paths of: (1) *Publicity;* (2) The better *administration* of present laws; (3) *Court* actions in all possible instances; (4) New *legislation;* (5) *Federal* inter-

ference. We place frankly our greatest reliance in publicity. We propose to let the facts concerning lynching be known. Today, they are not fully known; they are partially suppressed; they are lied about and twisted.

We propose, then, first of all, to let the people of the United States, and of the world, know WHAT is taking place. Then we shall try to convict lynchers in the courts; we shall endeavor to get better sheriffs and pledged governors; we shall seek to push laws which will fix the responsibility for mob outbreaks, or for the failure to suppress them; and we shall ask the national government to take cognizance of this national crime.

KEEP HIM IN HIS PLACE

THE damnable impertinence of those who would keep the Negro a slave is so unbelievable and persistent that the facts must be continually reiterated. A correspondent writes us from Springfield, Mo.: "We are having some trouble here concerning the use of the public Carnegie library. The Negroes have the privilege of drawing books but are not permitted to look through the stacks or use the reference rooms. We are forced to ask the librarian for the book which we desire to draw and if the book we wish is not available we must depend upon her to make a selection for us. We cannot use the reference room nor can we draw reference books and take them from the library. Consequently the work of our High School pupils is greatly handicapped as well as the work of older persons who desire to do research work.

"We wish to know if there are any provisions made by the Carnegie library board for Negroes when libraries are established. *In short, we wish to know if the librarian or the local library board has the right to deny us the free use of the public library?*"

The Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution* publishes this extraordinary and matter-of-fact special dispatch from Macon, under the date of October 31 (the italics are ours): "Fearing that the general unrest among the Negroes of the city and the efforts that are being put forth on the part of the authorities *to keep them from being transported from Macon to the North*, may result in a riot which the city authorities will not be able to cope with, Chief of Police, George S. Riley, today recommended to the civil service commission that *forty magazine rifles* be purchased for the police department. At the present time the police *only* have their pistols and clubs.

"Monday morning 1,000 Negroes congregated at the Southern railway depot *expecting* to leave for Michigan in a special train. The police *dispersed them, but had difficulty in making several of them move on.* Several arrests were made. It is said that a surliness now exists among a certain class of the Negroes and the police want to be able to cope with any situation that may arise."

Can you beat this calm defiance of the Thirteenth Amendment?

THE ARTFUL DODGER

VASSAR COLLEGE has a new president, Dr. H. N. McCracken. He recently wrote, in the New York *Times*, to a critic: "You are reported in your remarks as having classed Vassar with the so-called 'select schools.' The implications of this phrase are unjust if applied to Vassar. I understand a 'select school' to be a school which selects, or at least admits, only the children of certain classes of people, and prides itself upon a certain aristocracy of clientele. This charge is wholly out of place with respect to Vassar."

Thereupon the editor of THE CRISIS took it upon himself to address Dr. McCracken: "You say that 'this charge is wholly out of place with respect to Vassar.' I write to ask if Vassar has changed its policy of refusing to admit students of Negro descent? I shall be very glad to know if this is true."

In reply to this letter the following bit of noble and large-hearted evasion has been received from the president's secretary: "In reply to your letter of October 24, to President McCracken, I beg to say that the question to which you refer has not arisen during his administration."

A CARD

WE were more touched than we can say by the beautiful book that has just come to us, with the autographs of all those who attended the first Amenia Conference as our guests last August, and we shall treasure it always as a memento of those whom we are very proud and very happy to call our friends. Will you tell them how deeply grateful we are for their kind, more than kind words, and how the pleasure which we ourselves had drawn from the conference was renewed as we read what each friend had written, as we tried to feel what each of them had felt during those days and had mirrored in his soul? We wish you could tell all America, too, how much it loses by cutting itself off from hearts so generous and so warm-hearted and from friends so loyal and so good to possess.

Always cordially yours,

(Signed) { J. E. SPINGARN,
AMY SPINGARN.

"REFINEMENT AND LOVE"

A COLORED girl writes us from Oswego, N. Y., saying:

"Do you want to know what I like best about THE CRISIS? What I enjoy most? What fires my ambition to struggle on? Well, it is just this: The successes of other members of my race and what they are doing in this United States.

"And do you want to know what I like least? Just such expressions as these: 'The recent Irish revolt may have been foolish, but would to God some of us had sense enough to be fools!' The great Napoleon realized after all that the use of force was not the best way to achieve one's ends. That sort of a foundation is too weak; it cannot last. So is it not better to keep before our people ideas and thoughts of culture, refinement, service and love and in that way build our progress on a sure foundation?"

No one wishes more than THE CRISIS that "culture, refinement, service and love" should triumph in the world; but we continually fear lest easy-going young folk should loll in their parlors toasting their toes and expect the horror of the world's blood sacrifice to be accomplished by someone else while they are practising "refinement and love." Terrible as it may be, the awful fact faces the colored races in this world: That no human group has ever achieved freedom without being compelled to murder thousands of members of other groups who were determined that they should be slaves. Let us hope and deeply pray that this may not happen in the case of colored folk; but at the same time let us set our faces grimly toward the fact, with unwinking eyes, that *it may be necessary*. War is Hell, but there are things worse than Hell, as every Negro knows.

TWO men looked out from their prison bars—
The one saw mud, the other, stars.

"BITS"

A Christmas Story

By HELEN G. RICKS

THE feathery snowflakes came hurrying down simply because it was the day before Christmas and not because there was any intention on their part to remain. It was late afternoon and the holiday bustle had only partially subsided.

Pushing through the crowds at the railway station a young girl emerged, muffled up to the ears in furs, with a girlish face wreathed up to the eyes in smiles. It was very evident with her that Christmas was coming. At the gate entrance she inquired about her train. The *train was gone!* To stand there stupidly gazing at the official who certainly was not responsible helped matters not at all. Of course, it meant a "wire" and a wait until next morning. To a girl who was bent on meeting a bunch of college friends at a house party Christmas morning, the laconic information concerning the means of her transportation came not joyously. The tears which filled her brown eyes were definitely feminine. And then a little smile slipped out from somewhere and she proceeded to the Western Union office.

She was pushing through the door leading out to the busy street when a little brown hand caught at her skirt.

"Evenin' Herald, Lady?"

The girl looked down.

"Why, little fellow, you're crying. I can't let you take my pet indulgence away from me like that. Tell me about things, dear." And she brushed a perfectly good little tear out of the corner of her eye—the one that had refused to be chased when the smile came.

"It's—it's that I've just *got* to sell out tonight. It's—it's oranges for Bits."

By this time the ragged little coat-sleeve was serving wonderfully as a handkerchief.

"Come, come, little lad, stand over here out of the crowd. Somehow I don't understand. Who is Bits?"

"Why, he's all I'm got—that's all."

"Oh, I see! Can't you tell me more about him and your own little self? Maybe I can *buy you out?*"

The childish face stared up into the girl's with an incredulity that was not at all concealed.

"Mean it, or jes' kiddin'?"

"Yes, dear, I *do* mean it. Tell me."

"It ain't so awful much to tell you 'bout where we live, 'cause we ain't roomin' in any manshun. Bits an' Spatch an' me all sleeps on a cot in Mis' Barney's basement, an' we gets our feed from Greeley's grocery when we *gets* it. Spatch is jes' beany 'bout weenies—swellest little *poor* dog you ever seen. We ain't got no folks but jes' ourselves, an' Spatch. Somehow, though, Bits hits it off with the papers—he's onto *his* job all right. I'm littler than him an' folks lots of time passes me up. We ain't never had *heaps*, but we has allus been happy, 'cause Bits says it's the only way to top off things. He's sick, though, now—he jes' all to oncet took down an' they bustled him off to the hospital. He looked right spruce an' cleaned up in that white bed when I went to see him, but say, he was *some* sick. They told me I could come back tonight, an' I wanted *awful* hard to take him oranges 'cause tomorrer's Christmas. But you see, I'm down to six cents, less'n I sell out. Guess I wasn't a game thoroughbred, like when you saw me cryin'—bet you Bits wouldn't a done it! My name's Rodney, but folks as knows me calls me Pep, 'cause some days I hits it off right spunky—specially when they're hot on—on Spatch's trail—he's one-eyed."

With the ingeniousness of the small boy he related the history of himself, Bits and Spatch. And the girl understood.

"Rodney, I'm going to buy you out and we'll dispose of these Heralds someway. You lead the way because we must get these oranges to Bits. May I go with you, please, to see your brother?"

"Well, I should jes' bet you *can!* It ain't so far, but I spect' as how you'll better take the car. I'm only got six cents, but I'll boost you up an' pop the conductor a half-dime an' beat it faster than the car an' be *waitin'* for you."

"Thank you, dear, for wishing for me to ride, but oh, I'd love to walk with you if I may."

"Say, you are *some* great—know it?" And the look of gallant appreciation overspread the boy's face.

"Maybe if you're this good for walkin'—maybe you wouldn't mind cuttin' over two blocks with me. I promised Spatch that *he* could go tonight."

"Certainly! Are you cold, dear?"

"*Should say not*—too excited!"

They were reaching the quarter of the city very unfamiliar to the girl. Faithfully she followed the little figure striding along manfully with a bundle of "Evenin' Heralds" tucked under one arm.

"'Lo, kids!"

They had passed a bunch of little street children.

"That's *my* bunch. They was some starin'—huh? Wonderin' bout *you*, I guess."

Finally they had reached a tenement house.

"Can't ast you in, but I'll be right down soon as I untie him. An'—an' shall I leave these papers? She could use them for kindlin'."

"Oh, yes, by all means! I'll wait for you."

In an incredibly short space of time a boy with a dog was retracing his steps down the street in company with the girl.

"Ain't he a dog fer you? Spatch is the cut'off for 'Dispatch'—one of the old papers. We're *pardners!*"

His new friend smiled understandingly.

At the fruit stand they purchased the oranges.

"Say! but you're *some* lady. I'll bet Bits will like you heaps. What made you good to me today?"

"Why, my dear! I just love all the little boys and girls of my race. I just wanted to help you if I could, just a little bit."

They had now reached the hospital. The girl, the small boy and the dog entered the building. It so happened that the lady visitor was not a stranger to the hospital force, consequently Spatch was graciously accorded a permit.

"How is the little lad, nurse?"

"The crisis came four nights ago—he will recover. He's been waiting for his little brother—go right in."

The white hospital cot was near the window and a shaft of light fell across the face which instantly became illumined with a smile when Spatch and Pep uttered their effusive greetings.

"Well, if here ain't the little kid and Pardner! How's business? Sleep cold last night, Pep?"

"*Should say not!* So warm, almost had to hist the window!"

The tail of Spatch wagged perilously near the sack of oranges purposely concealed at the foot of the bed.

Bits smiled, and then his eyes fell on the girl standing a little away from the bed. He turned towards Pep, and in a voice a trifle weak and very much puzzled, exclaimed: "Pep, who's the swell skirt? She with you?"

"She's *some* lady!" A smile followed his words, absolutely appreciative. "She bought me out an' then come clear here jes' to see you. Can't you shake? She's a—a friend of *mine*."

In the course of a few minutes *she* was irrevocably taken into the partnership with Bits, Pep and Spatch. After the neighborhood news had been imparted and all preliminaries completed, the oranges were presented. The smile from Bits more than paid their real value.

All too soon the nurse came to announce the close of visiting hours.

"Pep, old feller, cover up good tonight. Give Pardner a weenie and please take three of these oranges for yourself—tomorrer's Christmas. Stick it out! I'll be back to the old job soon. They're bully to me here."

The girl bent over the little sick-a-bed laddie.

"Bits, is there a single Christmas wish of yours that I could fulfill, dear? Please let me try."

"Mighty nice of you. I think you've done a heap now. But there is—is something. It's the little kid there. I've heard about juvenile officers an' their doin's. Mebbe *somebody* could get a home for him. He's a smart little chap, Miss, an' deserves a chance. When I get well I'd work to help for his keep. Could you get him in?"

"Yes, dear, I've been thinking of Rodney all the way over here. Fortunately I know the very people to secure him a home. And I have a friend who has charge of a settlement house, and I am going to take him there tonight so he won't be lonesome. It's warm there, and they'll be good to him—they really would be happy to have him come. Plenty of boys there, and games, and a Christmas tree. I'll be there myself for

a while. Now, have a good sleep and don't worry about him. Spatch is going, too. Good-bye."

As they turned to look back once more at the door, a smile from Bits was following them. Outside Pep hesitated.

"Look here, I've *lied*—yes, I've told a ripper! I was freezin' cold last night—I give the blanket to my Pardner here."

"I understand, laddie. Tomorrow is Christmas. We're going down town on this car and I'm going to fit you out in some real warm clothing for your Christmas present, Rodney. And then tonight you, and Spatch, and I, are going to the settlement house. There, other little colored children are having a Christmas tree, and games, and fun! And there isn't going to be any more paper selling for you, or Bits, but you're going to have a real home and a chance to go to school. I have friends who will help me. Are you willing, dear?"

Two little cold hands ecstaticly clasped themselves over one of the girl's, and two little tears of joy made two little tracks on his childish brown face.

"I guess you're the 'Christmas Angel' I heard 'bout oncet. Gee! but you're touchin'!"

The happiness that reigned in his little heart that Christmas eve is not to be described in words. Pep appreciated.

On Christmas morning a car stopped outside the settlement house and the girl bounded out to return leading a small boy, refreshed and happy and followed by a one-eyed canine disciple.

All arrangements had been made and both boys were to be located in a private home with a fair chance. A young doctor, the very dearest friend of the girl's, had consented to look after her charges in her holiday absence. It was he who opened the door of the car as they approached.

"Good morning, little chap! Merry Christmas!"

"Ditto"—this last from Pep, and an exhilarating bark from Spatch.

"Rodney, this is Dr. Weston—*our friend*."

When they reached the ward, one bound and Pep was at the side of the bed.

"Know me, Bits? *Some looker*, ain't I? Had one spludge las' night—too big almost to talk about. She done it all. *She's an angel!* Now, hold your breath while I tell you the biggest ever! She's found a home for you, an' me, an' Spatch, an' we're goin' to *school*, an'—an' *she means it!*"

The "Christmas Angel" and the doctor came nearer the bed. Professionally he reached for the pulse and all the friendliness possible was in his greeting.

"Well, little friend, I'm in the partnership, too, and we're going to get you well in ten days!"

Bits smiled first at one and then at the other appreciatively.

"You two don't know how I thank you for myself an' the kid! I can't tell you. Just give us the chance—we'll prove up the claim!" Determination and gratitude were in his face.

"I'm glad if you're pleased, Bits. You are both going to be my little brothers, and Spatch here (at this opportune moment there was an appreciative tail-wag) is going to be our mascot. I must hurry now to catch the train, for I'm going away for three days. Dr. Weston is going to give Rodney a 'big day,' and I think he has a surprise for Bits. Good-bye, dear!"

There was a kiss left on the warm forehead. A little hand shot out from the covering.

"*You're* the best Christmas I ever had! I—I just wish I could whisper to you, some thin'—"

The girl bent down. Two arms went around her neck, two words from a little heart filled with gratitude slipped out—

"Merry Christmas!"

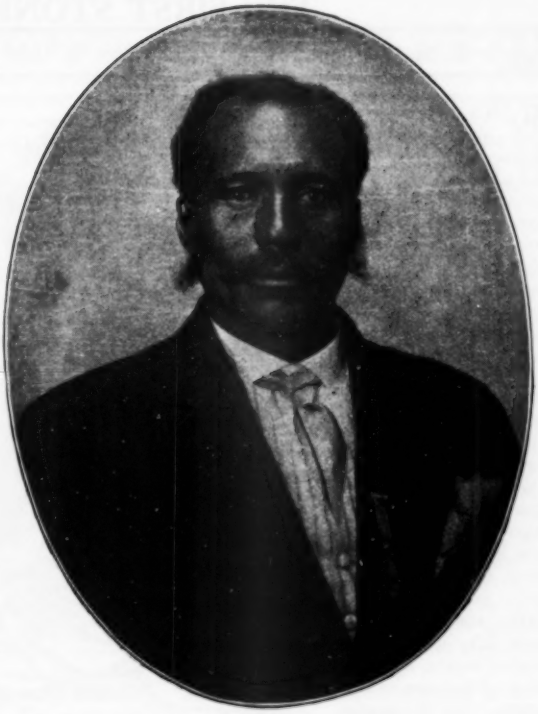
CHRIST-MOTHER

O STAR-DUST drifting from above
On fairy moonbeams, sunshine shod,
Dim da ghter of the lips of God
To me and angels—Thou art Love.

O earth-kissed raining joy, and rife
With all still wonders that abide;
Ghost Mother of the Time and Tide
To me and faerie Thou art Life.

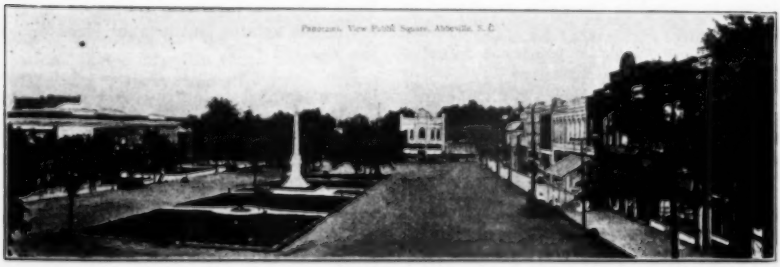
O Love and Life, O Wrack and Ruth—
Soft sentry on the path to Hell,
High Heaven's trumpet winding well,
Dear death's destruction Thou art Truth.

ANTHONY CRAWFORD



ANTHONY CRAWFORD, a colored farmer, of Abbeville, S. C., owned 427 acres of the best cotton land in the county. He had raised a family of sixteen children, was reputed to be worth $20,000, and had always been a law abiding, self-respecting citizen. On October 21, he came to Abbeville, and went to the store of W. D. Barksdale, to sell a load of cotton seed. The two men quarrelled about the price, although no blow was struck by either one. Crawford was arrested by a local policeman and a crowd of idlers from the square, pictured below, rushed to give him a whipping for his "impudence." He promptly knocked down the ringleader with a hammer. The mob set upon him and nearly killed him. He was thrown wounded into jail. A few hours later, fearing that the sheriff would remove him secretly, the mob dragged his wounded body forth, jumped on it, and mutilated it, and finally hanged and shot it. They then warned his family to leave the county by November 15.

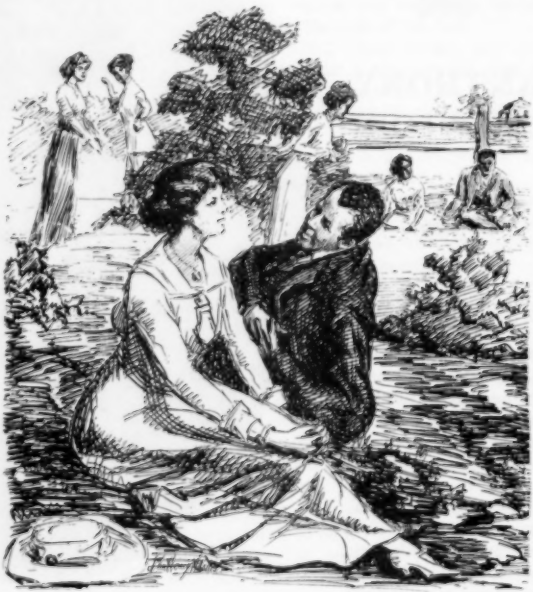
A full account of this lynching as investigated by Roy Nash, Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., will appear shortly.



PUBLIC SQUARE, ABBEVILLE.

THE FIRST STONE

By JOSEPH LYNDEL BOWLER



EVER since heroines in recognizably human shape have made their appearance on this planet they have been shuffled into accepted molds cunningly devised to exclude all except types of one social group. Their eyes must be blue or brown, their cheeks crimson, their hair blond or brunette with curling, rich waves, and their form as comely and as irresistible as that of Venus, never fat nor too plump. But in motion pictures of life, in the great dramas of the soul, the women of heroic mold who tame, wild, conquering fate, and lift the world to higher strata, are heroines. There are no barriers. Can the passion of prejudice stifle the throbbing vision of the soul? Can physical or moral force stop the eternal wail of the ocean? Cressid, Desdemona and Jessica are emphatic in negative assertion.

The reel this evening is the ten million soul mystery (with apologies to Tannhauser), for it cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It signifies a deeper meaning than dross; it is the mystery of caste. The scenario was arranged by fate, and the drama is staged in the great Southland of America.

Dwarfed in the little prison of defeated ambition our heroine, Ernestine Rawls, steps forth—a wonderful shock of dark brown hair, bright, laughing, hazel eyes sheltered by long lashes, bewitching and fiery. In fact, she has all the virtues of the ordinary heroine, except that her skin is brown and she is a Negro. She has reached the enviable age of twenty. Her strong mouth, yet most delicate, the symmetry of the curves of her neck and shoulders, make her beautiful. Interesting she is also; of a truth, unfailingly interesting. She was recently graduated from Chicago and returned home a full fledged artist; yes, kind friends, a colored artist, who could paint landscapes; who loved nature and revelled in raptures over the billowy emerald meadows, the gold of the harvest fields, the cloud cities, the thrill of the meadow lark, the bee bearing its cargo of perfume and flapping its awkward way along ambient bends of grass and mottled flowers, the cotton, foamy and white; all these whispered messages of love to her soul. She painted Nature; she loved it, but she was not glad.

She was forbidden to love it. Man-made laws attempted to narrow and dwarf the spirit; but her dream vista only widened and mounted to the vast reaches of heaven and tore its way through the languid currents of oppression.

Lexington, Ark., was a little town of fifteen thousand people. Nothing was different in this town from hundreds of other towns in the great Southland. For eighty years it had been the same size. The business district was arrayed around the country

court house; the band played every Saturday evening; the farmers came in every week and swapped corn for produce. Money was scarce and trading consisted largely in barter. Life in this place was like a flat color wash—prosaic, dull and blue, needing here and there a brush or an extra touch of romance to make it obtrusive. The colored people here were in the majority, but were mere cattle socially. They were not permitted to ride in the town omnibus from the depot; they were required to raise their hats on entering any of the public buildings, while members of the dominant race kept theirs glued to their heads; they were compelled to be indoors at ten in the evening; a certain sequestered district was allotted for their living; merely one hundred were permitted to vote. However, they went to the same post office and the same court house to pay their taxes. They became so accustomed to insults which the humdrum of life placed upon them and so inured to the barriers of race that they took for granted the fact of their oppression and said nothing.

Now, dear friends, our hero, Samuel Price, one of the fortunate youngsters of Lexington, whose grandfather had saved his pennies in slavery, and whose father, through years of sacrifice had accumulated a modest fortune, had returned home from Wisconsin with his master's degree. Ten years ago when he left this town he was a tow-headed boy; now he was a man: tall, cultured, refined, but a Negro still.

The insult of caste unnerved him at first. He was in a new world and he could not explain it. Everything had a deeper and sadder meaning. He revolted against the whole Southern attitude. He thought of the Southland as the blissful Eden of his heart where the love and laughter of the skies, the sunset and the dew melted into a blazing promised land. He thought that the ignorance of his people was the cause of discrimination; that oppression could be driven to its lair and the brave and strong might enter the heart and soul of those dear sweet Southern plains. But this was a dream—the mastodon had grown too large, too audacious, too powerful. To refuse to submit to its canons meant violence, perhaps death. He had glimpses of the mighty movement of existence, incessant and inevitable; but the realities of his visions were dulled and his dreams were impractical.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE, TO CHANGE REELS

The acquaintance of this pair began early in each of their young lives. Seventeen years before they sheepishly met each other with greetings of blushes and they remained inseparable. They had dreamed vague dreams of the future together. Some were never to be crystalized into reality; some dreams had become fact; some were meaningless and the only value to them was the joy of dreaming. They inveigled memories of the day when the darts of Cupid had fertilized and blossomed into fruitage; when the meaning of love could not be explained by mortal or angelic tongue and they had often sat it out with sighs and sighs. And she had said "yes." The love of the bare-foot, bare-head dusty stage of life deepened with years, more perfect, more powerful, more definite.

Now just a space of two days intervened; the space of eternity; the long, long moments and the vastness of the seconds lagged slowly on. The wedding march, the minister, the rice and the particulars of convention overshadowed them. It was the same old story, Mr. Reader, Miss Critic, Mr. Good Man, the same old familiar passion that burned your soul and was not consumed; that sent its current up your spine to your hair tips, and you revelled in dreams and dreamed sweet dreams. Yet they were *colored*—but they had souls.

John Clark, the District Attorney of Barton County, saw a chance to enlarge his power. He wanted to be mayor. He made a brilliant campaign and placed in his platform for election a plank specifically denouncing the Negro, although there was no apparent cause. But politics will be politics, and Clark wanted office. He pointed to the fact that some "niggers" had come to town and were riding around in seven-passenger cars; that soon the others would become haughty; that if elected he would place the license tax so high for them that there would be no joy-riding by "niggers" in Lexington. He also declared that a new "nigger" had entered competition with the omnibus line and was hauling "niggers" from the depot in a finer conveyance than the town could afford the dominant race. This struck a tender cord and the power of giant prejudice began to wax strong. For prejudice is the vilest form of ignorance.

A Lexington paper, through its "Public Opinion" columns, began anonymous attacks upon Clark's candidacy. It ridiculed his stand on the Child-labor Law and showed the voters that he was working boys and girls of ten and twelve. Pointed questions

were put to him concerning his stand on prohibition, the direct election of Senators, Woman Suffrage and other modern issues. These attacks uncovered his past life and showed that he opposed any legislation that would benefit all the people. His platform was literally demolished. Blakemore, the opposing candidate, made capital of these attacks and began a thorough investigation of his private affairs. For the first time since the war Lexington began talking politics. The bands, the campaign meetings, filled with half drunken men who were bartered for cigars and dollar bills and the pre-election promises, awoke the sleepy town, while politicians with cigars in the corners of their mouths held up impatient farmers.

Clark rushed into the newspaper office at the end of a hot day, pulling his hair and offering to bribe the editor if he would refuse to run this matter in his "Public Opinion" columns, but his offers were refused. A brooding sense of social unfairness unbalanced his brain and the desire to eliminate all opposition was not corrected by the normal powers of inhibition.

"Who in the devil is this fellow sending in this stuff?" he shrieked. The click of the typewriters stopped and every one from cub to the editor professed his ignorance. The only information that he could receive was that the letter had come from Lexington. Smarting under the influence of his wrath he went directly to the post office and offered the postmaster a reward to find the culprit. The emotion which prompted this impulse was primitive; it was only a chance. He gave the postmaster the letter containing the last attack, and swung out of the old dirty room shaking his fist violently in the air.

It was not long after that a letter dropped in the box and the man behind the cage caught it just as it had fallen into the receptacle. He looked out and saw a little colored boy.

"Sonny! Sonny!" he exclaimed. The boy halted.

"Sir?"

"Who gave you this letter? Don't lie to me!"

The frightened youth stretched himself. "I—I don—n—no—— A—a—man in the big automobile down yonder."

"What. That 'nigger' Price?"

"Ye—s—s—sir, Mr. Jones."

Appearances are very deceptive; the images on the retina are often imperfect. Price and Earnestine apparently were ensconced in a corner of her spacious home, talking. Occasionally their hands would touch, but such collisions, sweet and gentle, help God to perform the miracles of souls. Really, they were walking in gardens of flowers flecked with brilliants near a great grove of orchids where birds were chirping and the heavenly choir consisting of nymphs were crooning lullabies to the accompaniment of an orchestra composed of Beethoven and Wagner and Bach. Yet I would have sworn they were talking in a parlor.

A little boy ran in breathlessly, yelling with all his might, "Mr. Price! Mr. Price! Deys blowed up de garage. Old Clark is comin'!"

Price reached for his gun, bolted the door and turned out the light, but he was too late. The front door fell in and an army of men rushed upon him. Some one pressed the button and flooded the room with light. Price stood before them with a gun pointing defiantly. They ran back. A shot from the outside tore a picture, then several shots were exchanged, and Price lay in a swoon. His helpless form was rushed to the veranda. Wild frenzy swayed their craven emotions.

Earnestine screamed and ran to the aid of her lover. Falling prostrate on his shoulders, she raised her head; her eyes met those blue drunken eyes of Clark. She felt a numb sense of familiarity; he staggered and stared dumbly. She pleaded with him and they jeered. She said things she wanted them to know; things that were etched in her fleshy heart; things that burned, but were true; that Clark was her father; that his treatment of her mother was cruel, and that he had by means of gold held back the inevitable from the sensitive ears of the world. Clark clinched his fists, and would have struck her, but fragile femininity challenged the blow. He was ruined. The mob began to listen; finally they became silent and one by one they slunk away. Soon the bleeding form of Price and Earnestine were alone. She dragged him back into the house with all the remaining strength she had; then she crumpled in a storm of tears.

That night a wounded Negro and his betrothed were on the train bound for the North, God knows where.

"It was lucky," he sighed painfully.

She assented. But what they thought as the moon tinged their faces with its metallic white glow, what was in their souls, I cannot say. Yet the insult of caste had been challenged and the first stone in Lexington had been thrown.

THE FORETREKKERS

By ALICE WERNER

HARK! He comes with crack of whip and jingling harness-chains;
Up the hill his oxen toil with the loaded wains.
He is bearded, big and broad, and the folk who flee
To the hill-tops, watching him, murmur, "Who is he?"

This is he who built the waste when England knew it not;
Heavy is his strong right hand when his anger's hot.
Wrestling with an iron land hath left him gaunt and grim—
Leave the good and ill he did to God that judgeth him!

Who comes here with beat of drum and clash of brazen bands?
Many men they follow him out of many lands;
All the tribes who hear his voice shouting from Malmani,
Wondering ask, with hand to lip: *"Lowo' 'mlungu bani?"*

This the Empire-Builder is, who paints the map in red—
(You'll know what that is, my sons, when all is done and said!)
He will tell you gold is more than loyal hearts and true—
Wait awhile, my people, yet—he's not the man for you—

"This has come and that has come with noise and blood and flame,
Wrestling, tearing, trampling down—all of them the same.
Whence they come and what they seek, striving thus and thus,
How know we, who only wait?—Who shall care for us?"

Still the dark-faced people stand, waiting for the day,
While around them battles crash and kingdoms pass away.
Mighty men, with children's hearts, such as God makes wise,
With the deeps of life and death in their smiling, patient eyes.

This will pass and that will pass—wrath and greed and guile.
Theirs the victory who wait; patience yet awhile!
One shall come without a mask—never need the people ask
When he leads them to the task—*"Lowo 'mlungu bani?"*

Wait for him who comes to serve, seeking not to reign!
In the dawn when we discern how our dreams were vain—
Pomp and pride are shadows all that baseless fade and flee.
Truest truth the words that One said in Galilee.

FIFTY YEARS IN LOUISIANA

Views of a Northern White Settler in the South

By JOHN PAUL BALDWIN

IN 1867, our family moved from northern Ohio to Louisiana, and bought the old sugar plantation where the town of Baldwin now stands. The next plantation had just been secured by the Freedman's Aid Society, and is now the home of the Gilbert Industrial College, under the management of Professor Reynolds. Thus was established in Louisiana a place for both white and colored folk; and we now look at our progress here as the best for the two races.

There were some fine white people, with European ideas, living in Louisiana in early days; it was luxury for a few, and labor for many. Then came the industrious aliens, from our own Eastern States, and the "car-

petbaggers," of course! No wonder we were looked upon as aliens when we began to sell land to colored people at the close of the Civil War. The so called chain lions waited on us one night, and we were so frightened that we returned to Ohio. But later, the better class of white people in Louisiana gave us to understand that we would not be disturbed if we returned to Louisiana. So we went back and took up our work, as you colored people must do to-day. We cared little for politics. In those days, Reconstruction time, my grandfather was importuned to pay $25 for a political barbecue. He announced that he was neither Republican nor Democrat, but a Prohibitionist. His stump speech was so novel that he was applauded, and our political troubles passed away. A southern lady, the widow of our sheriff at that time, is now one of our friends, and she has said of my grandfather: "In those uncertain times, Father Baldwin separated himself from the others, who came to the South and exploited the colored people for political purposes. He was a benefactor, a humanitarian, and he held greatly advanced views of what the colored man should be."

Let me add that this Father Baldwin was already the founder of Baldwin College, at Berea, O., the pioneer at Baldwin, Kan., and a patron of Baker University, when he came to Louisiana and began devoting his efforts to the uplifting of the colored race. Pardon this mention of Father Baldwin; it is done to show the character of the man who gave his talents to the cause of colored people, after losing his most beloved son in Kansas by the exposures of the pioneer life.

The Civil War devastated Louisiana. The armies left only a few grains of corn scattered on the ground for food. We found the colored people in need and without work. There was rich soil, but we were not farmers; just plain business men, and this is how we succeeded: the old slaves knew how to raise sugar cane and cotton. We divided the land among them, first as tenants, and then we sold each family a house, in the old quarters, that could be moved off to a separate little farm. Thus a slave was made an independent farmer, himself and family home-

THE "BIG HOUSE" OF THE BALDWIN PLANTATION: NOW A NEGRO SCHOOL.

builders; and it frequently occurred that old couples, from slavery time, would have legal weddings, with bridal veil, wedding cake and a church reception.

The colored people brought the sugar cane and cotton to our sugar house and prepared them for market. We furnished the land and the factory, and taught them how to run the machinery. We kept the accounts, sold the products, and gave them two-thirds of the crop, or net proceeds. More than a hundred of these men became tenants and then land owners.

The share crops became too numerous to be kept separate at the factory, and in 1878 we rebuilt our factory. We made white sugar, weighed the cane and the cotton as it came into the factory, and credited each man at the scales; but the profit sharing system is still working at Baldwin. This factory was the first in Louisiana to work on the central factory plan of separating the work in the field from the factory, making it possible for the small farmer to raise sugar cane. This economic plan has now spread to other parts of Louisiana, and has proven one of the best plans of meeting the world's competition in sugar prices.

The old slaves have spent their last years as free men with their families, and they have not been driven away from their property, as in Georgia. They no longer wear a discarded army overcoat, and pasture their ponies where the armies passed. The younger man now gets his suit of clothes from Chicago, and rides in the steam car.

The question of social equality has never given us trouble. The natural difference between the white and colored people has caused a natural division of the races, the white people preferring their churches and societies the same as different nationalities divide in other parts of the world. They are now centering in one part of the city where there is a large church and white school. The colored people are moving toward other parts, where they have churches and societies and Gilbert Industrial College. We stand for temperance, honesty in business, and the white people think well of our town as a place to live.

We have saw mills, railroad and steam service, a third-class post office, and a bank. The colored people are encouraged to have bank accounts. There is enough forbearance, one race for the other, to accomplish this working condition, and both races are better off by this co-operation in business.

Never mind about politics in the South. You were never treated as badly as the Belgians have been treated by the Germans. Be industrious, own your homes and farms, and be taxpayers; read the papers and know more of public questions. Years ago the Federal government had its white tents and a few soldiers by the voting booth, and you voted, but you were hardly ready for the ballot. Designing white men influenced you, and bad laws were made. The white property holders and taxpayers of Louisiana had to protest, and you lost the ballot. You had the opportunity to vote, but did not know the responsibility of voting. But look at another side of the question, and see what you have gained. The old plantation bell that swung at the head of the quarters, in slavery time, now swings on the colored Baptist church. It calls together willing hearts now. You have the great, natural resources of the soil and the climate by which you can live and send your children to school. The land is waiting for you at easy payments; your property rights will be respected. Gilbert Industrial College is here for your children, and it points to the arts and industries, and the higher life. The expenses are reasonable; you can partially support yourself while at school. You young colored people should consider this opportunity. If you do not, others will. The people of the West are looking toward the South, and they will take up this land before long, and you will not know where to go.

The Outer Pocket

I AM glad to report to you that the "Birth of a Nation" has been removed from our club houses in the Canal Zone. At a meeting of the Senior Secretaries, in New York, yesterday, Dr. Mott asked me to make mention of this incident, which I did, and he expressed himself very strongly in opposition to having anything in our buildings which reflected unfavorably upon any group of men. He called upon our Cabinet

of Senior Secretaries for their approval or disapproval of the position which he had taken in full agreement with my position against this film. Every man stood with us and other things were mentioned. The "Yellow Menace" film, which is very objectionable to the Chinese, was mentioned and we were all asked to keep our eyes open with respect to these objectionable films. Of course, you will understand that International Secretaries can only advise unless it may be in some places where the work is directly under our charge, as it is on the Canal Zone.

J. E. MOORLAND.

Washington, D. C.

By the rearrangement of your pages you please us very much. You inspire and guide by your short, lucid, potent editorials which you wisely put on your first pages. You tell long stories by the illustrations and you very properly multiply them. You relate the wrongs we suffer and you fitly put them on the last pages since the memory of them cannot "add one cubit to our stature."

GEORGE O. MARSHALL.

New York City.

In the last issue of the CRISIS I notice to my unpleasant surprise that you are becoming discouraged with the idea of pageantry as given in New York, Washington and Philadelphia because of some unjust and ungrounded criticism and what appears to be non-appreciation on the part of some of our would be leaders.

Now, Dr. DuBois, I have witnessed the performance, not only witnessed the drama, but taken part in it and I speak from experience and observation. I know the good accomplished by this drama. The classes of people you touched through this medium you could not touch by any other means.

DAVID D. MATTOCKS.

New York City.

So often before there was the CRISIS I felt as I now do and wanted to express myself, but feared I would trip in my presentation of the facts, but through following you with heart and soul I gained the nerve and I have not lost a case yet. These little daily, weekly, monthly arguments with men who think they know only to admit their wrong finally are things that will slowly but surely awaken the spirit of justice in both the wrongdoer and the indifferent excuser.

ALONZO C. THAYER.

Winona, Minn.

I might as well tell you now that if I had to express my opinion of the CRISIS in vote or otherwise I should express it as being highly gratified—not that everything in the CRISIS pleases me, but because of the high character of the work. I know you are not an angel, therefore, you cannot please me with everything.

GEORGE W COOK.

Washington, D. C.

May I add that although in every number of the CRISIS I read much that hurts me so that I almost dread to take up the next number, yet I believe in it, approve of it and enjoy especially the beautiful pictures and the accounts of the remarkable achievements of many members of the colored race.

It is doubtless good that I should be hurt—it is the share which any white person ought to bear for the injustice which the colored races constantly endure from us. The colored people in Oakland, some of whom I know well, are an exceptionally competent, self-respecting set of citizens measured by the highest standards.

MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE.

Berkeley, Cal.

Permit a member of the Anglo-Saxon race to say that your magazine and management is most inconsistent.

You and a lot of other darkies get up on your hind legs and roar like the jackasses that you are about the "Birth of a Nation" which tells the truth and yet, you print a story in your magazine about a Negro who had brains enough to get riels [sic] but not enough to keep out of jail. If a white man, or a darky either, for that matter, should make a "movie" prove that you would probably howl, or rather brag.

Myers is right. Even educated yellow Negroes, like DuBois, are simply children and simple ones at that. He and the rest of the crew ought to be South with masters to look out for them as nature intended.

LATHAM WOODBERRY.

Princeton, N. J.

Men of the Month

A PHYSICIAN

AARON McDUFFIE MOORE was born in Columbus County, N. C., December 6, 1863.. He entered Shaw University, in Raleigh, in 1884, and was graduated from its medical department, finishing the four years' course in medicine in three years, and standing second in a class of forty-two students when examined by the State Board. He began his practise of medicine in Durham.

Aside from the practise of medicine, Dr. Moore has been a potent factor in the development of a number of race enterprises, chief among which are the North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association, of which he is the secretary and the treasurer; he is a trustee of Shaw University, the North Carolina Reform School, and the Colored Orphan Asylum; a director of the Mechanics and Farmers Bank; the superintendent of Lincoln Hospital Nurse Training School, and the secretary and the treasurer of the Rural School Extension Department of the North Carolina State Teachers' Association.

A TEACHER

MISS HARRIETTE L. SMITH, one of the few colored teachers in the schools of Boston, Mass., died in that city last June. She was the youngest daughter of the late John J. Smith.

Miss Smith was a graduate of the Bowdoin Grammar School, the Girls' High School and the Boston Normal School. From the time she was graduated from the Boston Normal School and until her death, she was a teacher in the Bowdoin School. Her influence in the community was strong and far-reaching. She was keenly interested in matters affecting her race, and was a staunch admirer of the N. A. A. C. P. from its beginning.

A STRONG WOMAN

THE late May Hallowell Loud, of Boston, Mass., was one of the strongest members of the Board of Directors of the N. A. A. C. P. The Boston Branch has published an excellent biography and memorial, in pamphlet form, edited by Mr. B. R. Wilson.

Mrs. Loud was born in 1860, and died early in 1916. She was descended from a celebrated family of Abolitionists, and was an artist by profession. Gradually, however, her interest in humanity and particularly in the Negro race claimed all her energies.

A SOCIAL WORKER

THOMAS E. TAYLOR, the new secretary of the Colored Men's Branch of the Y. M. C. A., in New York City, is a Canadian by birth. He studied at the Public Collegiate Institute and Business University in London, Canada. For eight years he was associated with his father in the barbering business, and for six and one-half years he was an employee of the Canadian Postal Service. He resigned this position to enter the Y. M. C. A. movement as secretary of its Branch in Indianapolis, Ind., where he has been successfully acting in this capacity for the last eleven years.

AN ORGANIZER OF BOY SCOUTS

DR. W. M. FOWLER, a colored physician in Los Angeles, Cal., is the organizer of the Colored Boy Scouts of that city. The movement has a membership of sixty-two boys, ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age, and is chartered by the State and recognized by the Scouts of America.

Dr. Fowler was born in Atlanta, Ga., May, 1882. His family moved to Los Angeles, Cal., where he received his schooling, finishing the study of osteopathy in June, 1915, at the California Osteopathic College.

A USEFUL WOMAN

MRS. N. F. MOSSELL is the wife of Dr. N. F. Mossell, the founder of the Frederick Douglass Memorial Hospital and Training School, in Philadelphia, Pa., which was incorporated in 1896. Through Mrs. Mossell's efforts over $15,000 has been added to the treasury of this institution. Among the well-known philanthropists she has succeeded in interesting in this work are Andrew Carnegie, Henry Phipps, Miss Grace Dodge, Isaac Seligman, Mrs. Henry Villard and John Converse.

Mrs. Mossell is also an author and has published "The Work of the Afro-American Woman."

OUT OF THE PAST

FOR many years Cæsar Grant was a picturesque figure in Winchester, Va. He was Virginia bred and born, and was never

THE LATE MISS H. L. SMITH.

T. E. TAYLOR.

MRS. N. F. MOSSELL.

CAESAR GRANT.

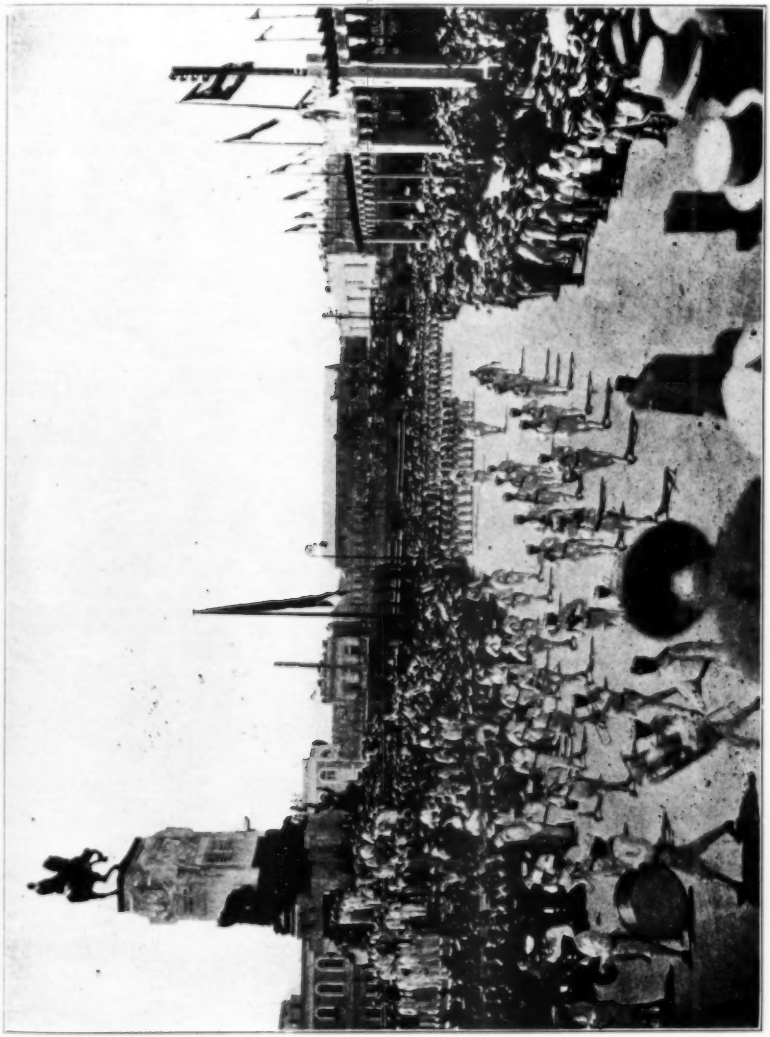
DR. A. M. MOORE.

THE LATE MRS. M. H. LOUD.

DR. W. M. FOWLER.

seen without his red bandanna—that relic of the turbaned East. Many folks were entertained by his queer, wise sayings. He always refused to be photographed, but our correspondent secured this picture over twenty years ago.

Shadows of Light



UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF ANTONIO MACEO, THE COLORED LIBERATOR OF CUBA, MAY 20, 1916, AT HAVANA. THE "BRONZE TITAN," AS HE WAS CALLED, IS COMMEMORATED BY A BRONZE AND MARBLE STATUE, DONE BY DOMINICO BONI, AND LOCATED IN "MACEO PARK."

Courtesy of Christian Science Monitor.

CHRISTMAS IN

IN GEORGIA, A. D., 1916

JACK BOND, OF SELMA, ALA., SIX YEARS OLD, WHO SELLS OVER 50 COPIES OF "THE CRISIS;" CHAPLAIN SCOTT OF THE 10TH CAVALRY, AND CHAPLAIN GLADDEN, OF THE 24TH INFANTRY, U. S. A.; ATHLETIC CARNIVAL OF THE 25TH INFANTRY, AND OTHER WHITE REGIMENTS IN HONOLULU, WITH MILLS, OF COMPANY F, WINNING THE 220 YARDS DASH.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

FROM "Chicago Poems," by Carl Sandburg:

"I am the nigger,
Singer of songs,
Dancer . . .
Softer than fluff of cotton . . .
Harder than dark earth
Roads beaten in the sun
By the bare feet of slaves."

R. G. Lehmann, in *Indian Ink:*

For an English soldier and an Indian soldier buried together in France:

"When the fierce bugle thrilled alarm,
From lands apart these fighters came,
An equal courage nerved each arm,
And stirred each generous heart to flame.

"Now, greatly dead, they lie below;
Their creed or language no man heeds,
Since for their color they can show
The bl od-red blazon of their deeds!"

We are reminded that an Indian, Lajpat Rai, has just issued in Calcutta an interesting book of over 400 pages on "The United States of America." Over one-fourth of the book is devoted to a sympathetic and discriminating discussion of the Negro problem. He says that: "Christian writers, who dare not raise their voice against the color line in the U. S. A. have no hesitation in sitting in judgment on Hindus, and denouncing them and their religious system for the institution of caste." The book is well-worth owning and may be ordered at THE CRISIS office.

We acknowledge the receipt of Dr. Matilda A. Evans's excellent little biography of "Martha Schofield" (126 pages). Also, "Five Generations Hence," by Mrs. Lillian B. Jones, of Fort Worth, Tex., and the Rev. J. W. Norris, "The Ethiopian's Place in History."

NEGRO ART

THE Chicago, Ill., *Examiner* says:

"Ruth St. Denis, who comes to the Palace Music Hall this week in a new dance pageant, is a young woman who has studied out her own theory of bodily rhythm and expression, and follows her own conclusions without reference to any school of Terpsichore.

" 'The Negro is our real dancing teacher,' she says. 'To him it is a vital and necessary thing to dance. He loves it and gets much joy out of his easy and graceful, if somewhat heavy, mode of movement, and so from the black we have learned what little underlying grace and naturalness of movement we possess.' "

The Minneapolis, Minn., *Tribune* says:

"According to advices from Italy, that traditional land of song is throbbing to the accents of a song by an American Negro who has probably never set foot on Italian soil. Harry T Burleigh's 'The Young Warrier,' in its Italian guise as 'Il Giovane Guerriero,' is today sung all over Italy. Maestro Riccardo Zandoina, the foremost of the younger Italian school, and the composer of 'Conchita' and 'Francesca da Rimini' (to be performed at the Metropolitan Opera House next season), has orchestrated the song, and dedicated the score to his American colleague. This is high honor for a Negro boy from Erie, Pa. 'The Young Warrior' is not to be classed with 'Tipperary,' which is of a pretty cheap order. Burleigh's song is the product of a fine musicianly imagination, a talent not of mushroom growth, but of thorough artistic development. When Amato sang the song at the Biltmore, in New York City, for an Allied benefit, it proved to be the sensation of the evening.

"Burleigh has been producing and publishing music of high quality for years. He has written many songs, some of them of racial significance, some of universal interest, but all of intrinsic musical value and genuine appeal."

TWO HEROES

THE *Long Islander*, Huntington, L. I., says:

"The brave act of the colored man, Hewlett Edwards, who gave up his life in trying to save others as he endeavored to stop a team of runaway horses on Main Street, Decoration Day, is as worthy of high commendation as that of the soldier who bravely marches forth to battle and lays down his life that his country might live.

"It was said that an attempt was made to dissuade Edwards from performing the act, but he said he might save some one from being run over in the crowded streets as he rushed forward to stop the team.

"The attempt may have been a rash one,

but a hero seldom stops to count the cost to himself when he sees others in peril. It was an appropriate Memorial Day deed, and we trust that his grave will be decked in the future along with those of the other fallen heroes.

"And what is more important, generous help should be given to his widow and her children as she is a worthy, hard-working woman, and is well deserving aid in the work of supporting herself."

The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, of Pittsburg, Pa., forwards us the copy of a letter recently sent to Mrs. Betty E. Malone, of Athens, Ala., which is, in part, as follows:

"Through the courtesy of the editor of THE CRISIS, 26 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., the attention of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission has been called to an act performed by your son, Julius T. Malone, by which, on November 18, 1912, he saved an indeterminate number of persons and attempted to save others from death by burning, at Los Angeles, Cal.; but in the performance of which act he sustained injuries which resulted in his death. His case, after a thorough investigation, was considered at a meeting of the Commission held this afternoon; and I have much pleasure in informing you that in recognition of your son's heroism on that occasion the Commission awarded you a silver medal, and death benefits at the rate of $10 a month during your life, or until further notice."

"LICHT MEHR LICHT"

IT is as difficult for the North to become satisfactorily vocal on the impossible situation in the South as it is for the South to see in the "Negro" problem simply one, great, human question. Yet both miracles occur now and then. For instance, the Pittsburgh, Pa., *Courier* says:

"The solid ivory South is seeing things. There is a drab outlook ahead for those whose eyes are not trained to see without good light. The fear is growing in several sections that the good people of the South—white—may soon find it necessary to go to work, and of necessity give up their ancient and honorable outdoor pastime of lynching 'niggers.'

"The reason is that the South has finally awakened to discover such a heavy movement of Negroes to the North that the labor supply is in dire peril. If it keeps up, there will be nothing left for the whites to do but to go to work. Anyone who can imagine a greater hardship than this, has some imagination.

"Before the Civil War, when a southern gentleman desired to use the last word in sidewalk diplomacy, deliver an ultimatum, as it were, he called his gentleman opponent 'a nigger thief.' Then southern chivalry arrived at the end of its vocabulary and any further relations called for action, not mere words. Immediately after the war the southern white man did his level best to exterminate the black man.

"Now all that has changed. The South was slow to learn, but at last the lesson got home. Instead of the South supporting 'an army of lazy niggers,' the South learned that the Negroes had all the time been supporting e useless and idle whites. Montgomery, Ala., has just passed an ordinance making it a crime to 'entice labor' from that city. Aberdeen, Miss., has taxed employment agencies shipping Negroes North, out of existence. The Jackson, Miss., *Daily News* wakes up to find that if the South loses its 'colored labor' it will go bankrupt. 'Colored labor' is some different from—'niggers.'

"All of which shows that, in spite of sophistries, is the element most essential to society."

On the other hand this astonishingly fine thought comes from the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle:*

"In a toy wagon sits a little, begrinned Negro boy, with a twig in his hand—his whip.

"The 'horsie' pulling him along the street is a smudgy-faced white boy. He's running fast, but the little driver goads him on, applying his whip just as any driver would.

"It's fun for the children to be both 'driver' and 'horsie.' The 'horsie' stumbles and falls. The driver whips him to make him get up. He had seen it done with a real horse, and wasn't he playing 'horsie'?

"Up runs the 'horsie's' mother and spoils it all. She snatches the whip from the Negro boy and drags off her own child.

"'Get away from here, you ——'

"That would be enough, you may think. But the mother shakes her own child and rebukes him.

"'Didn't I tell you not to go with that ——? Is he the best playmate you can find?'

"It is an unfortunate incident. But more unfortunate is the thought that mature persons instil the germ of racial prejudice into innocent young minds.

"Children, be they rich or poor, white or black, Jew or Christjan, see no distinction among the human inhabitants of this globe. They seek happiness in associations of all kinds.

"Then comes 'Reason,' and the young mind is ravaged by thoughts that grow into prejudices.

"It seems logical that the actions of children should be examples for their parents. Yet it is so, and will remain so until the mature persons will use their thoughts for the betterment of humanity—not as aids to the promotion of vanity.

"There is only one class, one race, one religion in this whole, wide world, and that is —humanity."

POLITICS

THE Rotten Borough system, of the South, and other evils of oligarchy were dwelt on often in the late campaign. The Wilmington, Del., *Journal* says:

"It so happens that the Democratic Party, by means of the iniquitous election laws which are operative in the Southern States, enters every campaign with an enormous initial advantage. Twenty-two United States Senators, more than a hundred Representatives in Congress and 146 votes in the Electoral College are at the disposal of the Democratic Party without even the formality of a contest. The only controversy which ever arises is as to which Democratic faction in any one of the eleven States which constitute the Solid South shall control the offices.

"Naturally, the North chafes under this sort of thing—though the North would probably grin and bear it if the South showed less of a disposition to 'rub it in' to the North whenever a Democratic administration is in power."

The Portland, Ore., *Spectator* adds:

"In 1910 Mississippi had about 786,000 whites and more than a million Negroes within its pleasant confines. Yet in the last presidential election Mississippi cast a total of less than 65,000 votes—almost exclusively white and almost exclusively Democratic. As Senator Williams so eloquently and truthfully said in his speech on behalf of Filipino independence, heaven never granted one people the right to hold another in subjection. But how is it that Senator Williams's colored fellow-citizens are not allowed to vote in Mississippi?"

The New York *Evening Post* says:

"The parade yesterday of the new Negro militia regiment, 800 strong with a full complement of 1,350 men assured, all raised within a few weeks, is fresh proof of the stupidity and narrow prejudice of Congress in not authorizing additional colored regiments for the regular army. But Congress, controlled by Southerners, would not specify the color of the recruits for the new organizations created by the Defense Act and the War Department and the president would not ask it to—not even after the Tenth Cavalry under Gen. Dodd had again shown its fighting quality in Mexico."

But the South continues obdurate:

"An appeal has been made to the Negroes of Florida in behalf of the Republican candidates in that State. That is bad. The Negro is practically eliminated from politics in the South and it is better for both races that he stay out. And there is no room or reason for two parties in the South, for if there should be two strong parties bidding would be sure to begin for Negro support. It is better for the white people of the South to settle their political differences in white primaries."

A South Carolina paper says:

"During the last 40 years in South Carolina the Negro has been on the outside of the jury room and away from the polls.

"Does any white man in South Carolina wish these conditions changed?

"Is or is not the present condition satisfactory?

"If it is satisfactory what is to be gained by lugging the Negro into political campaigns, in one way or another, in South Carolina?

"Thirty-seven American States outside of the South consent to the elimination of the Negro from political affairs in the South.

"The more the subject of the Negro is agitated on the stump in the South the greater the danger of infusing new life into the old anti-southern feeling in the North.

"Every southern politician that delivers 'anti-nigger' speeches is, however he may not intend to be, the ally of those Northerners who still hate the South."

Our Prohibition friends may be interested in this which though eight years' old still represents Louisiana:

"*To the Negroes of Caddo Parish:*

"The Prohibitionists are always ready to

help elevate your race; but believing that the ballot can best be cast by those familar with its use, we wish to say the election of January 14, 1908, is an election at which *White Men Only* will vote.

"Campaign Committee of Prohibition League."

Meantime the white South after eliminating the "corrupt" Negro vote cannot apparently carry on decent elections. One of the contestants in the late North Carolina primary protests to the Democratic Committee:

"I take it that no Democrat would want to take his nomination if a great majority of the electorate should honestly believe that he was taking a tainted nomination. I have here affidavits and letters from different parts of the State, from men of unquestioned integrity, which set forth that money, whiskey, coercion and intimidation were used in the primary election held on the 12th day of this month and in several instances that names were placed on the club rolls on the day of the primary, and that boxes were opened before the time provided by law so that a number of men might vote, and that ballots were fraudulently changed, in order to bring about Mr. Manning's nomination for governor. These affidavits and letters are here in the original and will be read to the committee if it so desires; and every mail brings additional evidence of the same character.

"I have carefully gone over this evidence and it has produced the impression on my mind (and I am convinced will produce a like impression upon the unbiased mind of any man of ordinary reason) that no confidence can be placed in the result of the election; and therefore for this reason and for the reason which I have above stated —to protect the integrity of the Democratic primary, and to preserve the unity of the white people of the State, and in the interest of justice and fair play, I am compelled to vote against the nomination of Mr. Manning; and I further think that this committee should order another primary for governor."

A woman writing in the Chicago *Evening Post* says:

"It was said that 10,000 colored men voted for Mr. Wilson in 1912. Why? Did they think that Mr. Wilson's southern birth and training would be helpful to them in securing political justice? Mr. Wilson's oft-repeated phrase, 'I speak as a Southerner,' has been emphasized from the first by acts which show him to be a Southerner of the old type and not one who represents the progressive element of the new South.

"His Jim Crow methods of segregation of colored men and women in the departments at Washington show that he feels as a Southerner and not as an American on this question of simple justice. His uncalled for humiliations of men and women who had rendered efficient service in those departments for many years leads us to believe that the Washington correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* may be correct in attributing Mr. Wilson's opposition to suffrage to the same cause.

" 'Persons close to the president,' declares this correspondent, 'say they believe his private opinion is that Woman Suffrage in the South would be bad for that section of the country on account of the increase it would cause in the Negro vote.' . . .

"And thus 'the new freedom' for man means the perpetuation of the old political bondage of the women of the South, black and white. Will the colored women of Illinois vote for the perpetual bondage of their sisters in the South or will they vote for the man, Charles Evans Hughes, who has declared for giving the ballot to every woman through a Federal Amendment and for the Republican Party—the only party through which the colored man could have received the ballot."

The letter sent to Mr. Hughes by the N. A. A. C. P. during the campaign, has called forth much comment. The Baltimore, Md., *Evening Sun* says:

"Now, it seems that Mr. Hughes is no more inclined to answer the questions of the dusky but faithful followers of his party, than he is to become 'vocal' and definite when interrogated by his opponents. Wherefore, THE CRISIS, a sort of highbrow Negro periodical, in New York, prints the following sorrowful threat: . . .

"Good gracious! If the colored brethren take to voting the Socialist ticket, what chance will the poor Republicans have?"

President Wilson answered the letter of the N. A. A. C. P. as follows, through his secretary:

"The president asks me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 10th, and to say that he stands by his original as-

surances. He can say with a clear conscience that he has tried to live up to them, though in some cases his endeavors have been defeated."

The funniest result of the inquiry is the wild-eyed protest of a little colored sheet, in Seattle, Wash., called *Cayton's Weekly*, under the head, "Some Big Fool Advice." It cries plaintively:

"Suppose the colored voters should write to Mr. Hughes as suggests Dr. DuBois, and suppose Mr. Hughes should make an unfavorable reply. Then, in Heaven's name, what would the colored voters do?"

What, indeed!

Wide-spread response is coming to our proposal of a Negro Party. The *St. Luke's Herald*, Richmond, Va., says:

"Maybe Wilson will keep his word if he is re-elected. Maybe he will not be afraid of the Hoke Smiths, the Clarkes and the Vardamans, knowing that he was serving his last term.

"But, we lean to the opinion that the Negro will, as a matter of political protection, soon begin the formation of an independent party, voting for those men and measures that seem to be of most benefit to him. It almost seems that the Negro will be forced to do this, willing or unwilling."

The Baltimore, Md., *Afro American* adds:

"It would be the platform of this party to stand, unmoved by bribery and lust for office, for the manhood rights of the Negro; a platform with a single plank and only one issue before it, just as the Socialists stand for a more equable distribution of wealth, and the Prohibitionists for the banishment of rum.

"The possibilities of such a Negro Party cannot now be estimated accurately. With the two and one-half millions of colored people actually wielding the ballot in a single party, their popular vote would be just six times the voting strength of the Socialists' and fourteen times the strength of the Prohibitionists' in the presidential election of 1912. In fact, they could come within 900,000 of equalling the popular vote for Mr. Taft in the same year."

A private letter from a prominent Washington office holder says that the proposal: "appears to be excellent and timely.

"The reasons seem too obvious to require much argument. There have been, and are now, ample precedents—analogous in the politics of Europe.

"No more opportune time for the suggested move is likely to recur in many years to come—because this happens to be a period in American politics when no great moral principle divides the leading parties, an 'era of good feeling' among the whites;—and there is no substantial moral reason for hidebound allegiance to any of the now-existing parties.

"The only answer to the proposition is *to act now*.

"Who shall act first? Not those Negro Republican imaginary 'leaders' who hope for political preferment—because they would pronounce the move monstrous. Not Negroes now in the Federal service—because they openly could not afford to take the risk. Not the rank and file—because that would be slow and cumbrous.

"The persons to *take the iniative* are among the members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who are free to act."

"COLORED"

IT is always comparatively easy to deny the accomplishment of colored folk by the simple expedient of forgetting that those who have done anything were colored. Who has not heard of Fraunces Tavern down at the Battery in New York? Frederick J. Haskin, writing in the Washington, D. C., *Evening Star*, says:

"George Washington and nearly all of his officers came here when he bade them his famous farewell, while at the time that 'Black Sam' Fraunces dispensed good dinners here nearly every one of any consequence in New York came to dine."

Black Sam Fraunces, mind you, although the "black" is usually omitted.

"The place got its name and its real start in life in 1757 when it was purchased by a thrifty West Indian Negro, Samuel Fraunces, who was commonly known as 'Black Sam' and who seems to have been a cook and caterer of talent if not genius. A consideration of the story of Fraunces Tavern shows that the place of cooks in history has been overlooked and underestimated. It is they who bring great men together and cause great events to be planned and set on foot. Thus the Sons of Liberty and the vigilance committee got together at Black Sam's and planned to throw England's tea overboard before they would pay a tax on it; and here met the famous committee of correspondence, of which we never

heard before, but which, according to the History Club, which quotes Woodrow Wilson, was the real beginning and origin of the Continental Congress and so the seed from which our great and glorious republic sprang."

And there is romance that goes with the place, too:

"But it appears that plots against liberty as well as for it were fomented at Black Sam's. For in 1776 there were men in England who saw that the great personality of Washington was one of the greatest dangers to England's hold upon the colonies, and these men were not above removing the danger as best they could.

"So it happened that a frequenter of Black Sam's place was a young Englishman named Hickey, who had deserted from the British army and enlisted as an American volunteer. Because he was a clever man, despite his bad record, he had become one of General Washington's bodyguard.

"This man was the king-pin in a plot to assassinate Washington, and the first step in the plan was for him to win the help of the general's housekeeper. This person was none other than the young and attractive West Indian girl, Phoebe Fraunces, daughter of Black Sam. The murderer first won her heart and made her his mistress. Then he let her know his plan and the part she was to play. There is no record of the struggle that took place in the mind of Phoebe Fraunces when she found that the man she loved was the appointed murderer of her master. But the fact remains that she revealed the plot to Washington and saw her lover hanged."

THE NATIONAL STIGMA

AN editorial in the *New Republic*, New York, says:

"This scourge of lynching has become a national stigma as evil as that of chattel slavery, whose cursed heritage it is. It springs directly from that old despising of the servile race, now brought to a nominal equality. It is akin to the spirit that makes Russian pogroms, and drenches Armenian cities in blood. The annals of American lynchings show atrocities far worse than any registered in modern wars between civilized nations. Are they a forecast of what would happen if we went to war with any peoples considered by our masses as markedly inferior? In a war with the white men of another civilized nation, American soldiers would probably be the humanest in the world. But in a war with 'natives' or 'greasers' can we be sure that this will-to-lynch would not operate toward such 'backward peoples' as contested American conquests?

"If the lynching spirit springs from that racial intolerance which seems to be the worst quality in the Anglo-Saxon temperament, anything which makes headway against race-prejudice should tend to neutralize the will-to-lynch. One's first impulse is to urge the suppression of lynching by main force. But there is no machinery for such suppression. A local police is powerless against a mob. A State constabulary could not prevent Coatesville. If it were in Mexico that these lynchings occurred, some of our patriots would probably insist that Carranza garrison every town. But this is the United States, and we must look rather to the rousing of popular anger against the scourge. The better element in the sections where the will-to-lynch is lurking must be stirred to positive expression. It is notorious that the mob-criminals are rarely punished. The better opinion seems to sink back dazed and numb. It should be stirred to a diagnosis and an appeal that would check and finally exterminate a feeling which is, in the last resort, dependent upon general social approval.

"The campaign against the will-to-lynch must be inaugurated by the friends of the Negro and by those Americans who find their patriotism in the removal of national stigma. That is why the enterprise of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which is raising funds for a thorough investigation of the subject and for an effective marshalling of public opinion, is so important. Such an attitude promises to fight lynching not in any bitter or sectional spirit, but with an attempt at scientific diagnosis, and the pressure of social contempt upon the classes in whom the will-to-lynch still flourishes."

R. P. Brooks, a professor in a white normal school in Athens, Ga., writes a letter to the New York *Nation* protesting against the criticisms of the South for the lynching evil. He closes with these words:

"The eradication of lynching is not to be a matter of a few years. It is a malady,

the causes of which lie deep in human nature. Of one thing, however, the world should be assured: all the forces of enlightenment in the South are banded together to the end that the stigma shall ultimately be removed from our midst."

The *Nation* replies:

"While we agree with most of Professor Brooks's contentions, we emphatically cannot with the last sentence. Waco, Tex., is the seat of Baylor University. Not a single teacher, or preacher, or newspaper, or public official has spoken out against the mob which publicly burned a convicted Negro there. We have yet, at this distance, to see a single sign that Waco has a conscience, or that anybody has banded together there to remove the stigma of that atrocious crime. It is precisely because the 'forces of enlightenment' are so little vocal in the South that there is so little headway against lynching. The conviction of a few lynchers in Waco, and their punishment, would do more to stop the evil than anything we can readily think of. When lynchers go unpunished, as in Coatesville, Pa., the evil flourishes. As for the northern criticism of lynching, we wish it were a thousand times more intense of lynchings both North and South."

We commend to the South the following comment from the Havana, Cuba, *Post:*

"We wonder if the lynchers in Kentucky should realize the impression abroad that they cause by their lynchings, if it should in any way cause them to curb their thirst for blood. They surely do not realize that they cause ridicule to be heaped upon American civilization, and intimations to be cast that we are little above savages. . . . .

"We wish that the citizens of Kentucky could see the effect their mob has caused abroad. We will quote from one Spanish newspaper alone, the *Diario de la Marina.* It does not say many words, but it says a whole lot. We quote:

"'The Negroes lynched, shot, and burned in Kentucky speak very highly in favor of the civilization of the Great Republic.'"

Mr. Raymond L. Phillips, of Boston, Mass., sends us the following suggestion:

"The president has given his approval to Armenian, Lithuanian, and other collection days; perhaps he would join us in an anti-lynching crusade.

"Why not set a day aside for a collection from the public in all our northern cities? Young ladies could be stationed on the corners with collection boxes appropriately marked. Besides getting some money, we might be enabled to work up some news for the 'dailies.'"

MISCELLANEOUS

"A spirit once knocked at the portals of heaven and the Guardian Angel came to answer the summons.

"'What would you have?' asked the Angel.

"'A soul's enjoyment of eternity.'

"'And what have you done upon earth to merit it?' inquired the Guardian Angel, opening the great book of human deeds.

"'I have kept the commandments and walked in the paths of virtue.'

"'What else?'

"'I gained wealth and gave freely to the poor.'

"'What else?'

"'I have been faithful to my church and prayed always.'

"'What else?'

"'I have shunned the wicked and all things common.'

"'What else?'

"'What else? Surely that is enough.'

"'No!' exclaimed the Guardian Angel, closing the book. 'You have been ashamed of your race, and of the blood God Almighty poured into your veins. It is the greatest sin of all. We have no place for you here.'"

The Monitor, Omaha, Neb.

"An old Negro mammy, who was addicted to the pipe, was being lectured on the habit by a Sunday-school teacher. Finally the latter said:

"'Do you expect to go to heaven?'

"'Yes, indeedy!'

"'But the Bible says nothing unclean shall enter there. Now the breath of the smoker is unclean. What do you say to that?'

"'Well, I reckon I leave ma bref behin' when I enter dar,' was old mammy's response."

Western Christian Advocate.

The Horizon

N. A. A. C. P. NOMINATIONS

THE Nominating Committee, consisting of Mrs. Florence Kelley, Mr. Joseph P. Loud, and Mr. Archibald H. Grimke, appointed by the Chairman of the Board of Directors in accordance with Article VIII of the Constitution, has submitted the following list of nominations for members of the Board of Directors of the N. A. A. C. P. for the term expiring January, 1920:

Miss Jane Addams, Chicago.
Dr. C. E. Bentley, Chicago.
Rev. Hutchins C. Bishop, New York.
Dr. F. N. Cardozo, Baltimore.
Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, New York.
Mrs. Florence Kelley, New York.
Miss Mary White Ovington, Brooklyn.
Mr. Charles Edward Russell, New York.
Dr. John G. Underhill, New York.
Miss Irene Lewissohn.

MUSIC AND ART

MRS. MAUD CUNEY HARE, pianist, and William H. Richardson, baritone, began their season October 18, at the College of Applied Harmony, Boston, Mass., under private management. On October 23, Mrs. Hare gave a lecture-recital, "The Achievements of the Afro-American in Music," at the New England Conservatory of Music, under the patronage of persons of social distinction, as well as a number of the most distinguished musicians of this country—among them the celebrated American musician, George W. Chadwick, Director of the Conservatory of Music, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, and Arthur Foote, composer. The program was received with the warmest appreciation, and Mrs. Hare has been requested by a number of musicians to repeat the recital at a later date. On October 26, Mrs. Hare and Mr. Richardson appeared at the Bethany Baptist church, of Roxbury. Mr. Richardson gives prominent place on his programs to the songs of Henry T. Burleigh, and other well-known composers of color.

¶ *Musical America* says: "During the coming concert season, Zabetta Brenska, soprano, intends to pay particular attention to H. T. Burleigh's songs, and at all her concerts several of his songs will be presented on her programs." Mme. Brenska and Paul Althouse, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera House, will be heard during the season in joint recitals.

¶ "Afro-American Folk-Songs" were discussed by Miss Margaret H. Millmard, October 20, at Public School No. 28, in New York City.

¶ Lois B. Deppe, a young and promising baritone, in New York City, is studying under Buzzie-Peccie, the teacher of Alma Glück, and Sembrick.

¶ Miss Myrtle Moses, a white prima donna mezzo-soprano, of the Chicago Opera Company, recently appeared for the Hampton Choral Union at Hampton Institute.

¶ On December 7, Miss Mary White Ovington's "Hazel" will be produced on the stage of the Y. M. C. A., in Brooklyn, N. Y., by colored people. "Hazel" is the story of the life of a little colored girl in the North and in the South, and the play is being produced for the benefit of the Lincoln Settlement.

¶ The Music School Settlement, in New York City, of which J. Rosamond Johnson is the director, has commenced its third year's work. Many prominent people in the music world have been secured for its Sunday afternoon concerts. Sidney Woodward, the noted tenor, has been added to the faculty this season.

¶ Mesdames Magett, pianist; Prince, reader; and Howard, vocalist, all wives of ministers in Portland, Ore., recently gave a unique musical recital at Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, in that city.

¶ Albert E. Greenlaw has been constantly engaged as a soloist for ten years by some of the wealthiest and most influential white churches in Canada, and has received liberal pay for his services. He is a native of Scottdale, Pa. It is said that much of the success of revivalists, with whom he has traveled, has been due to the fullness and sweetness of his voice.

¶ Mme. E. Azalia Hackley successfully directed a folk song festival in Chester, Pa., October 24, and on October 19, gave a song recital demonstration at Musical Fund Hall, in Philadelphia.

¶ "The Trooper of Co. K," a photoplay of the fight at Carrizal, was recently presented in Omaha, Neb., by colored people.

¶ Miss Lois Fox, a white interpreter of and writer on plantation Negro life in song and story, has opened a studio in New York City.

¶ "When Lindy Sang" is a photoplay showing the life of a colored child in a school with white children. It is sympathetically done and tells how the colored girl saved the lives of her mates by singing during a fire.

INDUSTRY

THE Negro migration from the South to the North has assumed large proportions. Definite figures are difficult to get. An estimate from Atlanta, Ga., states that at least 118,000 colored men have come North since April 1.

¶ The Enfield Hosiery Mills Company, at Enfield, N. C., is teaching colored girls to operate in the mills. A modern mill is being erected at Rocky Mount, N. C., in which colored help only will be employed.

¶ The Tremont Silk Mills have opened a branch factory in Harlem, in New York City, and employment has been given to 40 colored girls between the ages of 14 and 18 years. If this investment proves successful, it is planned to open other mills.

¶ Eighty colored stevedores were used to unload the cargo from the German submarine, *Deutschland*.

¶ The Strouse, Adler Company is fitting up a corset factory in New Haven, Conn., and will employ 100 colored girls.

¶ As soon as 100 colored girls can be secured for employment, a factory will be opened for them in Detroit, Mich., by one of the largest wholesale drygoods and garment making concerns in that city. Clerical positions, as well as operative, will be open to colored people. A restaurant and gymnasium will be connected with the building. Operatives will average $10.00 a week.

¶ All the slave catching machinery of the South is being put into motion to stop migration. Negroes are being arrested wholesale. Two hundred were taken from the Union Station, Savannah, Ga., and put in jail. Immigrant agents have been arrested and exorbitant license fees charged. To cap the climax, the Department of Labor has sent two colored men nosing about for evidence to keep Negroes in peonage.

¶ Southern colored speakers, who depend upon the good will of the white South, are urging Negroes not to migrate. Richard Carroll, of South Carolina, is one. Colored people in New York will be surprised to learn from Dr. Moton, of Tuskegee, that New York Negroes find "it very difficult even now to find places to stay; they are huddled together in quarters like pigs, and many of them cannot find any place, and there is bound to be suffering this winter.

"They will take colds and develop pneumonia and consumption as well as other diseases, and either will die there or be brought home in a dying condition."

¶ Many strikes are taking place because of this movement of labor. A number of white bricklayers in Philadelphia, Pa., struck last week because a colored bricklayer was employed. The contractor immediately paid them off and employed colored help entirely. Colored men have been employed as strike breakers among the longshoremen in the northwest. Negro workers on street cars in Panama struck, and other workmen threatened. At Marshall, Tex., 600 Negro helpers struck at the shops of the Texas and Pacific Railway. Their demands were granted and they went back to work. At Omaha, Neb., the white Musicians' Union threatened to strike if a colored band was employed in the Hughes parade. They changed their minds, however, and the Negro band marched amid great applause. At New Britain, Conn., white workers struck at the depot because 50 colored men were employed as freight handlers.

¶ The depositors of the defunct Penny Prudential Savings Bank, at Birmingham, Ala., will pay a 15% dividend of $25,000. This was made possible by the purchase of a building by the Alabama Lodge of the Knights of Pythias, which paid $15,000 cash and assumed $59,000 in mortgage.

¶ An official of the Albany, Ga., Bank says that 300 Negro farmers have recently opened accounts at the bank, and that these accounts are steadily increasing. This is said to be true all over southwest Georgia.

¶ The Wage Earners' Savings Bank, of Savannah, Ga., has declared a dividend of $1.20 per share.

¶ Large and successful state fairs have been held at Jackson, Miss.; Raleigh, N. C.; Memphis, Tenn.; Houston, and Texarkana, Tex., and Birmingham, Ala.

EDUCATION

THE 10th anniversary of the Alpha Phi Alpha, the first Greek letter fraternity among colored men in the United States, will be celebrated at Richmond, Va., in December. It was organized at Cornell University. Today it has chapters in 18 of the largest universities in the United States and includes nearly 1,000 members.

¶ The U. S. Bureau of Education reports

that while white illiterates in the United States amount to 5,500,000, and are increasing, colored illiterates have decreased from 3,150,000 in 1880 to 2,227,731 in 1910.

¶ Miss Josephine Wormley has been made Assistant Director of Music in the schools in the District of Columbia, and put in charge of the music in the colored schools. She succeeds the late John P. Layton.

¶ Dr. George W. Hubbard, for 40 years Dean of Meharry Medical College, has been made president of that school.

¶ At Iowa State University, the Phi Alpha Delta fraternity, composed of colored students, has been ranked third among Greek letter societies in point of scholarship.

¶ Miss Gilberta Bridgwater, a colored girl, won the speed and accuracy contest in typewriting at the Lincoln High School, Portland, Ore.

¶ The extraordinary contradictions in the South are shown in the invitation given by the colored Allen University, Columbia, S. C., to ex-Governor Blease, to address the students. Blease stated that it was his vote that once made George W. Murray congressman instead of his white opponent. He declared that he had always tried to do justice to the Negro, and had never insulted a colored woman. He told the students to aspire. "You are coming to higher things. They can't hold you back *despite what I or any other man may say!*"

¶ The Commission to Study Race Relationship in the South, composed of representatives from southern white colleges, has issued two open letters. The one issued last October was against lynching; the second letter, just issued, is an appeal for greater educational opportunities for Negroes. It says among other things: "The inadequate provision for the education of the Negro is more than an injustice to him; it is an injury to the white man. The South cannot realize its destiny if one-third of its population is undeveloped and inefficient. For our common welfare we must strive to cure disease wherever we find it, strengthen whatever is weak, and develop all that is undeveloped. The initial steps for increasing the efficiency and usefulness of the Negro race must necessarily be taken in the school room."

¶ The last Georgia legislature appropriated more than $400,000 for white educational institutions in the state, and not a cent for Negroes, except a small part of the Morrill Fund ($8,000) which comes from the U. S. government.

¶ Six colored girls are enrolled at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.

¶ Tuskegee Institute has enrolled 1,229 students this year; the Colored State Normal School, at Nashville, Tenn., has enrolled 1,242! Hampton Institute has 1,300; Atlanta University has the largest enrollment in its history. Other colored institutions seem similarly full.

¶ The Jeanes Foundation reports cooperation with colored public school superintendents in 14 states. Its supervising industrial teachers visited 4,480 public schools and raised for school improvement, $100,312. These teachers were paid $56,556, of which the counties paid $17,913.

¶ It is reported that Julius Rosenwald has given $25,000 for a colored school near Independence, Mo.

¶ Dr. James A. Bray, secretary of the C. M. E. Church, has 12 educational institutions under his charge for which he has raised $58,366 in 5 weeks; this is in addition to the regular income of $25,000.

¶ Claflin University, South Carolina, has received $1,000 toward its endowment from Butler General, a colored farmer.

¶ The appropriations of the General Education Board show the usual discrimination against colored schools. Three white colleges get $400,000, while 2 colored schools get $10,000, and salaries are provided for 2 education agents among Negroes in Oklahoma and Maryland.

¶ The 110 rural colored teachers in the state of Delaware receive an average annual salary of $227.74 each.

¶ It is reported that the registration in the colored schools of the District of Columbia has decreased from 18,616, in 1911, to 17,875, in 1915.

¶ Kittrell College, North Carolina, has lost a building by fire.

¶ The students of Tuskegee Institute have raised $750.50 in cash toward the Booker Washington Memorial Fund.

¶ The North Carolina Colored Teachers Association appointed last year Charles H. Moore as State Inspector of Colored Schools. Mr. Moore has traveled over 12,000 miles through the state, and reports that funds raised by special taxes laid on colored people, are often spent for white schools. "The average Negro rural school house is really

a disgrace to an independent-civilized people."

¶ The 9th annual session of the Oklahoma Association of Negro Teachers, recommended E. A. Johnson's "History of the Negro," as supplementary reading.

¶ In McIntosh County, Okla., where many rich Negro oil properties are situated, the county commissioners failed to levy taxes for the Negro schools to run more than 3 months.

¶ The graduates of Lincoln University, in the southwest, have organized an alumni association to raise funds for the Rendall Memorial Arch, at that University.

¶ A conference for Negro education was called by James E. Shepard, the president of the National Training School, Durham, N. C., and held in that city. Among the speakers were the state superintendent of public instruction, and many educators of prominence.

¶ Contributions, however small, are asked for the Slater School, at Winston-Salem, N. C., to complete a $12,000 fund which the state promises to duplicate.

MEETINGS

THE Rhode Island Union of Colored Women's Clubs met in Providence.

¶ The Negro Organization Society, in Richmond, held its 4th annual meeting at Roanoke. It aims to promote "better health, better homes, better schools, and better farms."

SOCIAL PROGRESS

FORMER STATE SENATOR STEPHEN S. GRISWOLD has willed $3000 to the Colored Howard Orphan Asylum, in New York.

¶ A colored hospital, to be named after David Livingstone, is to be built in Pittsburgh, Pa.

¶ James Weldon Johnson was awarded third prize, of $200, out of 800 contestants for the best political editorial sent to the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia. Mr. Johnson, who was former United States consul to Nicaragua, has been a contributor to THE CRISIS, is contributing editor of the New York *Age*, and the author of the "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," and many excellent poems. His biography appears in the February CRISIS, 1913.

¶ Dr. R. R. Wright, Jr., the new manager of the *Christian Recorder*, held a unique "Negro Literature Week," at Philadelphia, in connection with the A. M. E. Book Concern. Among the authors present were James Weldon Johnson, Kelly Miller, W. S. Braithwaite, and W E. B. DuBois.

¶ The Negro militia on the Mexican border have all returned home. The First Separate Battalion, of Washington, D. C., was the only unit on the border which was recruited to maximum strength. It was over four months in the field. Major James E. Walker was in command. The Eighth Illinois Regiment, under Colonel Denison, has made a notable record. It took part in the great march of 15,000 soldiers through the streets of San Antonio, and its band was especially applauded. The whole regiment was entrained in the short space of six minutes and was greeted in Chicago by a great throng. The committee of welcome was headed by the mayor, a group of aldermen, and the Hull House band.

¶ At Tacoma, Wash., a committee of colored people, under Mrs. N. J. Asberry, presented a loving cup to Colonel A. E. Joab, and two volumes of Negro literature to E. S. Stallcep, in appreciation of their services during the protest against "The Birth of a Nation."

¶ A canvass is being made in Norfolk, Va., to raise money for the colored day nursery. A similar effort, in Richmond, is raising $10,000 for the Old Folks' Home.

¶ A new Negro bank, capitalized at $10,000, has been started at Columbia, S. C.

¶ The Illinois State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs has 71 clubs with 2,057 members. They have raised $12,265 in the last two years.

¶ The colored people's exhibit at the greatest agricultural fair in the South, held at Dallas, Tex., was exceptionally good and received widespread praise.

¶ The Pullman Porters Benefit Association was organized in 1915, and now covers the country. It is divided into zones of 1000 men each. They have induced the Pullman Company to provide hospital care, pay during sickness, rest rooms and free baths. In some cases promotions have been made to yard foremen and mechanical positions.

¶ A monument to the colored soldiers of the Civil War has been unveiled in Lincoln

Cemetery, Norfolk, Va., by a colored G. A. R. post.

¶ Idlewild, Mich., is a flourishing colored colony, in Lake County, which owns 1100 acres of land. It has a club house, golf course, tennis courts, and many attractive cottages.

¶ When the city of Birmingham, Ala., inspected its grocery establishments recently, a colored firm, the Harris Brothers' Grocery Company, 701 Fourteenth Street, N., received a perfect mark of 100.

¶ A fire in the colored town of Buxton, Ia., destroyed nearly $20,000 worth of property.

¶ A tag day for the support of Day Nursery, Denver, Colo., was held by colored women of the city, and netted $923.

¶ Colored boys are playing on several of the leading white football teams; one is on the team of Brown University, and two are on the excellent team of Tufts College.

¶ E. A. Williams, a colored United States farm demonstrator in southern Georgia, has been presented with a Ford automobile by his rural admirers as a token of appreciation for his services.

¶ A colored boy of eighteen, Walter White, has been appointed from Boston as stenographer and typewriter in the War Department at a salary of $1000. He gained the position through civil service examination.

¶ At Poquonock, Conn., a reception was given by the tobacco growers to the young colored college students from the South who had worked on the plantations during the season. There were 1400 in that region who came North to harvest tobacco, and the employing firms say that the experiment was a great success.

¶ The colored Y. M. C. A. in Indianapolis, Ind., has the largest enrollment of any colored association in the country. It counts 1118 members.

¶ The colored people of Pittsburgh are raising $10,000 for a new Y. M. C. A. building. Sixty-five thousand dollars will be added to this sum from local funds, and $25,000 from Mr. Rosenwald.

THE CHURCH

IT is said that Katherine Drexel has given $7,000,000 in all, for the education of colored Catholics, and has devoted her life to that work for the last thirty years. She is now 57 years of age.

¶ The Missionary Society of the M. E. Church was founded in 1819 by a Negro, John Stewart, of Ohio. The centennary of this event will be celebrated in 1919. A monument has just been erected to Stewart's memory at Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

¶ The Layman's Missionary Movement convention was held for three days in Atlanta, Ga. It is one of several conventions among colored laymen held under the auspices of the movement which centers in New York City. Adolphus Lewis, of Pennsylvania, is executive secretary for the conventions among colored men, and had charge of the Atlanta meeting. It was one of the largest meetings of the sort ever held.

¶ The Arkansas Presbyterian Synod refused to adopt the report of its committee against lynching. The members did not think the subject was "proper"!

¶ S. P. Harris has sued R. H. Boyd, of the Baptist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn., for $10,000 damages for libel. These gentlemen are on opposite sides of the Baptist split.

PERSONAL

AMONG distinguished Negroes who have died during the last month are: Joshua A. Crawford, a lawyer, of Boston, Mass.; Young Turner, a wealthy farmer, of Lebanon, Ill.; Thomas P. Taylor, an abolitionist, of Boston, Mass.; Samuel E. Young, a caterer, of Baltimore, Md.; the Rev. J. A. Taylor, a Baptist pastor, of Washington, D. C.; Silas H. Johnson, captain of fire engine company No. 3, Denver, Colo.; Lyde Wilson Benjamin, an unusually successful young business man, of Boston, Mass.; Frank Estell, custodian of one of the largest buildings in St. Louis, Mo.; and John H. Sherman, an old and well-to-do letter carrier, of Jacksonville, Fla.

¶ James Bertram Clarke, a graduate of Cornell University, and until recently a teacher of Spanish in the High Schools of Brooklyn, N. Y., has gone to Rio Janeiro to represent a United States commercial concern.

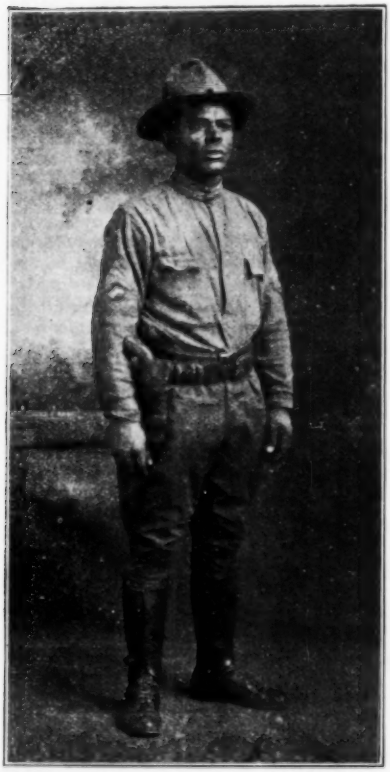
¶ The Honorable James A. Cobb, formerly special assistant United States attorney in the District of Columbia, has been appointed professor in the law school of Howard University.

¶ John Ernest Green, formerly lieutenant in the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, has been promoted to a captaincy. He is now serving as attache in Liberia.

¶ First Sergeant John B. Kemp, of Company E, Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, has been celebrating the fifth anniversary of his marriage, his 45th birthday, and his fifth year of service in the regiment, at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu. There were 160 guests, including Chaplain and Mrs. Prioleau.

¶ Sergeant D. P. Green, of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, has been retired after 25 years' service. The *Army and Navy Journal* says that he was for years "the best known and most liked man in the Twenty-fifth." He was given character "excellent" on each of his eight discharges, and was recommended for a certificate of merit in the Philippines.

¶ John T. Newsome, a colored lawyer, in Washington, D. C., has had a judgment awarding William Byrd $18,600, confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States.



SERGEANT PETER BIGSTAFF, "THE HERO OF CARRIZAL"

¶ In response to a demand from Henry Watterson, that "from the records of that last fatal charge at Carrizal, there should be recovered the name of that black soldier whose heroic loyalty to his white comrades touches the high water mark of soldier devotion and deathless courage," the War Department has named Peter Bigstaff, who has since been promoted to sergeant.

POLITICS

THE Negroes of Oklahoma issued the following manifesto during the recent election: "In most of the counties of this state the Negroes have in large numbers registered unmolested, but in McIntosh, Muskogee, Wagoner, Okfuskee Counties, the real black belt of Oklahoma, there has been a flagrant violation of the recent Supreme Court decision and Negroes have been intimidated and abused by the minions of Governor Williams. For instance, at Rentiesville, a Negro town in McIntosh County, where there are 180 electors, 4 Negroes are registered. At Eufaula, with about 400 black electors, 6 have been permitted to qualify. In the city of Muskogee, with about 12,000 odd Negroes, their rights have been curtailed and denied with a viciousness unheard of in this state. At Boley, which is situated in Paden District No. 2, with 500 odd electors, not a single Negro is registered save and except 3 or 4 who affiliate with the Democratic Party. Wagoner County registrars were equally as ruthless in their disregard for the citizenship rights of black men, and the time is ripe for a fearless and determined stand against the outrageous encroachment of southern prejudice."

¶ The Board of Public Instruction, of Escambia County, Fla., has arbitrarily declared vacant the offices of the colored supervisors of Negro schools. These supervisors have hitherto been elected by the patrons, and they had general charge of the Negro schools. As the Negroes were disfranchised by the white primary, this was the only way in which Negro taxpayers had any voice in the school.

¶ The Republicans of Douglas County, Neb., published a pamphlet with a photograph of all the candidates except Will N. Johnson, the colored candidate for Public Defender.

¶ The Negro Party, of Tennessee, held

schools to show the voters how to mark the ballot, which was 28 inches long. Some 10,000 Negroes were registered.

FOREIGN

FIELD MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG says in an interview in the Berlin *Vorwaerts*: "If we are going to drag this war on indefinitely, then the whole of Europe will bleed to death and America and the colored races would be our heirs."

¶ A company of commercial and educational experts, headed by M. R. Hilford, will leave for the African Mandingo country in December. The Mandingo Development Corporation and the Mandingo Association, Inc., will co-operate in an effort to better the social, health, educational, and religious conditions of the country.

GHETTO

JOHN H. JOUBERT, general manager of a street railroad in New Orleans, has succeeded in getting a city court to declare that he has no Negro blood. His great-grandmother was described as "mestizo." Many testified that his grandparents had been described as "colored." We hope he is happy at last.

¶ The Union Furniture Company, of Toledo, Ohio, has been haled into court for defrauding Negroes, in Texas, in a lottery scheme for buying furniture. The U. S. Government spent $6,000 in the prosecution and brought 34 Negro witnesses from Texas.

¶ The case of the colored men convicted of the murder of Dr. C. F. Mohr, of Providence, R. I., has gone to the Supreme Court of the state.

¶ Dr. Isabel Vandervall has sued the Women's and Children's Hospital, of Syracuse, N. Y., for refusing to admit her as interne after they had contracted to do so.

¶ The Ohio Supreme Court has confirmed the power of the Board of Film Censors to keep "The Birth of a Nation" out of the state. Colored people have barred this film from Cambridge, Mass.

¶ Three hundred citizens of Oilton, Okla., tried to lynch two white councilmen, whom they accused of running the town into debt. Both of the councilmen were injured and in great danger until rescued by the police.

¶ Thomas Willis, a Negro janitor, was nearly killed by a mob in New York City, for stabbing a boy.

¶ The Savannah *Tribune* says:

The lynching of two Negroes in Blakely, Ga., about ten months ago and the sentencing of another to be hung soon, a fourth to life imprisonment for the killing of a white farmer, and the burning of several churches and halls have caused a great exodus of Negroes from that section.

¶ One of the members of the lynching mob at Lima, O., was found guilty by the jury; others are still to be tried.

¶ In spite of the fact that the woman assaulted at Lima, O., failed to identify Charles Daniels, he has been convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to from 3 to 20 years in the penitentiary.

¶ Since our last record the following lynchings have taken place:

October 6, Gilmer, Tex., Will Spencer, hanged for slightly wounding a policeman.

October 7, Sandersville, Ga., Charles Smith, hanged for shooting a sheriff.

October 10, Little Rock, Ark., Frank Dodd, hanged for "annoying a white woman."

October —, Greenwood, Miss., Allen Nance, shot for firing at an automobile party.

October 16, Paducah, Ky., Brack Kinley, hanged and burned for assaulting a white woman.

October 16, Paducah, Ky., Luther Durett, hanged and burned for saying that he "intended to get some white man."

October 21, Abbeville, S. C., Anthony Crawford, hanged for striking a white man.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ANTI-LYNCHING FUND, N. A. A. C. P., October 6 to November 6, 1916.

Receipts to October 5 previously announced		$11,265.71
Grand Lodge K. of P. of Ohio	$50.00	
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Boston Branch	25.50	
Newark Branch	25.00	
Indianapolis Branch	23.00	
Co. B, 24th Infantry, U. S. A.	19.20	
Cleveland Branch	11.00	
Johnson City, Tenn., contributions—J. H. Byers, collector	10.50	
Macon, Ga., Business and Civic League	10.50	
Miscellaneous Contributions	79.40	
Total		284.60
Grand Total		$11,550.31

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and among the gifts you make will perhaps be a book or so. So going to the book store, what will you buy? A set from "The Old Masters" is suggestive, no doubt; but will they be read? Will the "gift" book with pretty red corners and a few little short stories and poems, etc., be read? Why not exercise more discretion? Why not, as one of our agents who sold 4,000 copies alone to the white people of northeast Nebraska said of the multitude of his customers there that say, "I'm going to try that book because it has never been my privilege to read a novel by a Negro author"—and they read it; their neighbors read it, all the country is reading and re-reading it. *WHY NOT YOU?*

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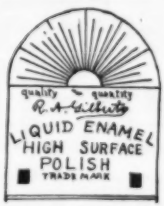

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